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REPORT

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,

COMMUNICATING,

In compliance with a resolution of the Senate, of the 21st February, 1849, a copy of the official journal of Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, from Santa Fé to San Diego, &c.

 MARCH 19, 1849.

 Read, and ordered to be printed.

 IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
 March 15, 1849.

Ordered, That the report from the Secretary of War, with a copy of the official journal of the march of Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke from Santa Fé, in New Mexico, to San Diego, in Upper California, which was communicated to that department by Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearny, deceased, as directed to be furnished by the resolution of the Senate of the 21st February last, be received by the Secretary of the Senate during the recess, and that the same be printed, together with the two thousand additional copies, for the use of the Senate.

Attest:

 ASBURY DICKINS,
Secretary.

 WAR DEPARTMENT,
 Washington, March 17, 1849.

SIR: In compliance with a resolution of the Senate of the 21st ultimo, I have the honor to submit herewith "a copy of the official journal of the march of Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke from Santa Fé, in New Mexico, to San Diego, in Upper California, which was communicated to this department by Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearny."

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

 GEORGE W. CRAWFORD,
Secretary of War.

 Hon. D. R. ATCHISON,
President pro-tempore of the Senate.

Journal of the march of the Mormon battalion of infantry volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel P. St. George Cook, (also captain of dragoons,) from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to San Diego, California, kept by himself by direction of the commanding general of the army of the west.

SANTA FE, October 13, 1846.

The rear of the battalion arrived last evening, and this morning I assumed command. It is 486 strong, but about sixty are invalids, or unfit for service, and for much of the march from Fort Leavenworth have been transported in wagons. Captain Higgins and a small detachment were sent from the crossing of the Arkansas in charge of a large number of women and children, who are to winter at a temporary settlement of the Mormons at Pueblo, near its head waters; nevertheless, there are here twenty-five women and many children. Colonel Doniphan, commanding in New Mexico, has ordered those pronounced by the surgeons unfit for the march to California to be sent to winter at Pueblo; and as I believe women would be exposed to great hardships on my exploring winter march, besides being a serious encumbrance, and many of them being willing, I have ordered all the laundresses to accompany the detachment for the Arkansas. Captain Brown will command it, and it will consist of First Lieutenant Luddington and 86 rank and file, embracing only a few efficient men, husbands of the twenty laundresses. Captain Higgins was ordered to join the battalion here with his party.

Contrary to the General's expectation, the paymasters have brought out so little specie that a payment of troops cannot be made. In consequence, Captain Hudson's new company, ordered to join my command, cannot mount themselves, and it has been broken up by order of Colonel Doniphan. Another consequence is, that the quartermaster's department remains without a dollar, and can, with great difficulty, furnish transportation for my *reduced* numbers. The mules that came with the battalion are entirely broken down; those that have been procured here are quite unfit for such an expedition, and they deteriorate every hour for want of food. Beyond a temporary aid of ox-wagons, the assistant quartermaster only calculates to furnish transportation for a pound and a half per day for each man for sixty days: the rations should amount nearly to that; and thus officer's baggage, the company equipage, ammunition, tools, pack-saddles, sick men, &c., &c., are by no means sufficiently estimated for; but particularly, if I shall be forced to leave the wagons. I have just heard that the General's expedition has left theirs, and, in common prudence, have provided pack-saddles.

On the 16th and 17th October the battalion was paid on the August rolls by Major Cloud, who accompanies me; the payment was made in *checks*, under a special agreement and arrangement. The night of the 16th salt pork arrived; there had been none in Santa Fé for two weeks, on the 17th, my beef cattle, previously contracted for, and pack-saddles, were received; on the 18th, the issue to companies of sixty day's rations, packing, &c., were nearly completed. I have reluctantly consented to take five women, the wives of officers and serjeants; they are transported and provisioned at their own expense.

October 19.—I sent the battalion by companies to Agua Fria, about six miles. Its aggregate strength 397. (Second Lieutenant Gully's resignation has been accepted by Colonel Doniphan.) First Lieutenant A. J. Smith and Brevet Second Lieutenant George Stoneman, of the 1st dragoons, whose companies have marched for California, have joined my command; the first will perform the duties of commissary of subsistence; and he has \$800 for the purchase of beeves and sheep. Lieutenant Stoneman will act as assistant quartermaster. Assistant Surgeon George Sanderson, of Missouri, is attached to the battalion.

I have sixty day's rations of flour, sugar, and coffee, and salt; thirty of salt pork, and twenty of soap. There are three mule-wagons to each company, beside six large ox-wagons; also, four other mule-wagons for the field and staff, quartermaster's property, hospital department, and the paymaster; and there are four or five private wagons.

After despatching a multitude of last duties, I left town, and arrived in camp at sunset. Here I found all huddled in the sandy creek bottom; no grass; the thirty-two extra mules arriving at dark, and, like some of the others, without ropes and picket-pins; they and the beeves and oxen were to be herded under rather difficult circumstances. I have no muleteers. Some fodder has been procured and fed.

The battalion were never drilled, and, though obedient, have little discipline; they exhibit great heedlessness and ignorance, and some obstinacy.

This afternoon I met Lieutenant Love, 1st dragoons, on his way to the States; he brought me a note from General Kearney. I am informed that the wagons have been left rather as a matter of convenience. I have brought road tools, and am *determined* to take through my wagons; but the experiment is not a fair one, as the mules are nearly broken down at the outset; the only good ones, about twenty, which I bought near Albuquerque, were taken by Mr. Fitzpatrick, who brought an order for the twenty-one *best* in Santa Fé.

My guide is a Mr. Weaver, sent to me by the General, who met him coming by the Rio Gila from California.

October 20.—My staff being behind, necessarily engaged, I determined to make the day's march some ten miles to the last water on this side of the river, to which there must be a hard march. I have but twenty-eight beeves, ten less than the number I made every effort to get of the commissary at Santa Fé. When I overtook the drove this morning, I found but eighteen, and learned that the coporal had turned the ten over the day before to a teamster of the battalion on a misdelivered, undirected order of Captain McKissack. I took them out of the wagon, and sent back eight miles to Santa Fé for the oxen, leaving the wagon in the road under charge of a party. The whole train of wagons watered the mules by driving into a small stream, and waiting upon each other until they drank, (with much difficulty;) this kept them an hour, (whilst I was waiting for them;) and I learned that they had brought no buckets—that none could be had at Santa Fé. I have taken every pains to equip them fully, and wrote a form for a requisition for my approval; but the quartermaster frequently assured me he would give them not only what they ask for, but what they wanted, and issued on a simple receipt. It took them six hours to make the eleven miles. There is no grass, and I ob-

tained, with great difficulty, four cart-loads of cornstalks and fodder. The staff officers are still in the rear.

I issued a long order of regulations for the march this evening, and put the command on twelve ounces of flour and a pound and a half of beef—sugar and coffee at three-fourths rations. I require that they should turn out under arms at revielle roll-call.

October 21.—I ordered an early revielle, and march to accomplish the long day of twenty-four miles. I shall give a detailed account of the difficulties of twenty-four hours. I got the wagons ready before 8 o'clock, having ordered to spur them, that each company should send off its baggage as soon as the whole of it was ready, and that they should march in the order in which their baggage got off. When all were ready, I learned, for the first time, that nineteen of the beeves and fourteen of the mules were missing. I had arranged that the guard (increased to twenty-seven privates) should guard both by night, and that a corporal and four butchers should drive the oxen; and a corporal (on daily duty) should, with six of the guard, drive and take care of (except during the night) the extra mules. I had broken up yesterday evening an old wagon I found here for the axles, &c., and ordered the spokes made into picket-pins. Still they were missing, and I found myself without mounted men to send after them. I immediately assembled the old guard, and sent the officer of the day and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard, with four divisions of it in pursuit, with orders not to leave the ground until all were found, then to bring them on; but this consumed an hour.

They were all recovered. I passed the whole column and reached the Gallisteo at 11 o'clock. I then stopped until all had passed, directing them to move on down the shallow stream, and, with the assistance of men of the companies, to take the animals from the wagons so that all should drink at the same time. I was on the ground an hour and three-quarters before the last wagon had passed. Each company marches in rear of its baggage. On this terrible piece of road, down the stream, several oxen fell in the wagons, and they had to be rolled out of the road by main force, they making no motion; the feet of others are so sore that they have to be turned out. The last of the command have got into camp at 9 o'clock at night; several wagons not getting nearer than a mile. I had a little wood brought two or three miles from the last hill top. There is none here. I had sent forward my interpreter, who could only succeed in buying twenty-four bushels of ears of corn. Lieutenant Smith and Lieutenant Stoneman, Acting Assistant Quartermaster, arrived about 9 o'clock this evening.

October 22.—I got the companies under arms this morning, nearly by the time the music ceased, (yesterday they *commenced* at that time.) I got off at 9 o'clock, and marched about eleven miles to the village of San Barnallio and encamped near some cornfields, which having been just gathered, (stalks and all,) there was good gleaning of broken fodder. I obtained also ten costales of ears of corn. The rear came up near sundown. Many mules gave out, and oxen also; these I attempted to replace by hiring oxen or a mule wagon, but it was not accomplished; the rich men are ill disposed. I released this evening Captain Hunter, whom I arrested 48 hours ago for leaving my camp and going back to Santa Fé without asking permission.

October 23.—Our camp ground last night was on coarse sand and stone and little hillocks of bunch grass. There was wind and some rain, and I slept under a fallen tent. All my servants, too, are sick, and many of the men. Notwithstanding every exertion on my part, eight mules were missing this morning. I left back the old officer of the day with his whole guard, and now, near sundown, they have not come up. I am encamped on the road extending half a mile along strips of grass. Hitherto I have encamped by regulations. I made an effort to-day to hire oxen, but it failed. The road is excessively bad, and it has taken one company seven hours to come eleven miles. I have killed beef every day but one. I have determined, as a matter of utter necessity, to purchase mules, if I fail in exchanging. I met to-day a number of volunteers going back, and passed, a mile or two from here, their camp, of three companies of Price's regiment, under Major Edmonson. He marched from Santa Fé four days before I did, to relieve Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, under orders to march against the Navahoe Indians. I recovered there two mules belonging to my company. The men I had met were hunting cattle. The Major said after making a day's march it took him two or three to collect his animals. That is far worse than my battalion. The Navahoes, it is to be feared, will escape lightly this season. We heard, by Lieutenant Smith, that Colonel Dougherty, with a regiment of infantry, will be in Santa Fé in a week. Yesterday, the 22d, Major Sumner was to set out with Lieutenants Love and Stanton for Missouri. It is a hazardous trip.

I am directed to keep a journal. I have not one minute of time unoccupied, and am unwell. An influenza is prevailing. For several days before to-day, the heat and dust has been great, whilst I have been kept awake at night, sleeping under three blankets, by cold. The old guard came up at sundown.

October 24.—I sent forward the assistant quartermaster and interpreter to exchange or purchase mules, and made arrangements to borrow from the pay department treasury drafts, if they could be used. About 10 o'clock, in the ranches of Albuquerque, I exchanged my three worst mules for good ones, giving 65 dollars, and bought two others, a great bargain, for 70 dollars. I met here Charboneaux, one of the guides left for me, who reports that he had examined a route different in part, and further than that taken by the General, viz: to descend the river further and fall into a road from El Paso to the copper mines. The report is favorable, but they did not make a thorough examination by any means, and the practicability of the route from the copper mines to the Gila, is still a problem.

In the ranches of Albuquerque I received a message from the assistant quartermaster that he should like to see me in a village, and there I found there was a prospect of getting mules. I left him there, and he succeeded in exchanging thirty of my mules, broken down and utterly worthless to the expedition, for fifteen good ones, and also in purchasing ten at \$40. At Albuquerque I bought 12 fanegos, or costales, of ears of corn, and put them in the wagons and crossed the river, and making my way through three miles of excessively deep sand, encamped a quarter of a mile from the road at good grass, comparatively, and near Captain Burgwin's camp, where he had arrived this afternoon. Here I purchased of officers eight mules, giving treasury drafts. Captain B. was also kind enough to ex-

change eight of his public mules (very indifferent indeed) for eight of my worst, which were worthless to me. I also obtained twenty oxen, also exchanged a very heavy and two nearly unserviceable wagons for two ponton wagons and another. I found some of my sheep skins spoiled. There was rain last night. The march about eleven miles. I have had to-day excessively hard and unremitting labors.

October 25.—Captain Burgwin received by express this morning, from five or six most respectable American merchants, a letter asking for protection, as they had reason to believe that General Armijo was marching up to seize their property which they estimate at half a million. The Captain is very crippled in means and had almost determined to do nothing but forward the express. I advised him, if satisfied of a strong probability of the truth of the report, to go down, even if dismounted, and I left him disposed to do so. In the multitude of my engagements last evening, I forgot the two packs of Indian goods which General Kearny wrote me he had left for me. This morning, after marching a mile, I sent back a pack mule for them. The men have come up with one very poor pack, which "was all they could find." This may be a great misfortune, but it is not all.

At a village above I saw a large herd of good mules going out to grass, and having seen that still several of my teams were broken down, or likely soon to be so, I sent the quartermaster and interpreter to the owner, a Charois, to exchange or buy. He has come up this afternoon utterly unsuccessful; they treated his offers with contempt. It was great good luck to obtain those yesterday from a merchant in want of money. The bargain for exchange, two for one, was made before he saw mine. After that he was so disgusted that Mr. Stoneman was forced to leave in the lot a good mule with a sore shoulder to make up the number, &c., as agreed upon, or he would have broken the bargain. To complete the series, a pair of wagon hounds were found this evening to be broken. I have ordered an issue of pork every fourth day. I also issued an order of further regulations. I assembled the captains this morning at reveille and earnestly exhorted them to lend me a more efficient assistance in requiring the mules to be properly grazed and fed, or else the expedition must very soon fall through. They made excellent promises. I reduced to the ranks this day a 1st sergeant for failing to form his company at reveille, and giving the excuse that it was not light enough to call his roll. I have made a short march of nine or ten miles, because I expected the mule trade to take much time, and because Captain Burgwin reported that there was no grass elsewhere within reach. We encamp on uneven sand and without fuel, or even thinking of it; such are the resources of this country. I could obtain but five bags of corn, (ears.)

The mules were herded loose this afternoon. The oxen are all unyoked at halting for the night.

October 26.—Marched at 8 o'clock. Passed several villages. Besides sand, found deep mud from the breaking of irrigating canals. I sent across the river to Otero's store, at Valencia, for some pack blankets, for which the assistant quartermaster had an order, and directed him to purchase or exchange mules. Otero, like Charois, both malcontents, asked unreasonable prices. He had lost yesterday evening five or six thousand sheep;

two shepherds killed by the Indians. He had been riding all night, hiring some villages of Indians to pursue them. I stopped some time among the Lunas, (great sheep holders.) All the effective males of the village had gone after the Navahoes, who also had stolen six thousand six hundred yesterday; and, as it is said, killed two shepherds. I wrote then a note for Captain Burgwin, informing him of this robbery, for the lady to send. She thought they, mostly women, were in an exposed situation—this was about eighteen miles only from the dragoon camp. But what can they do with broken down mules? (all the best selected by General Kearny,) and horses cannot work and live here. The day quite cool; wore my greatcoat all day; still sick of a cold, which is very prevalent. We are exposed to black frosts nightly, without fuel. Encamped near a village; pretty good grass, but bought about eighteen bushels of corn, and a cart-load of fuel. I find some of the mules getting sore shoulders. I called up the company commanders and gave them a lecture on the subject, such as to fitting and cleaning collars, shortening hames, lengthening bearing chains, &c., and above all, in relieving mules about to become galled, for I have assigned all the mules, giving two extra ones for every team; the march thirteen or fourteen miles. Saw mother and daughter to-day; the latter thirteen and married, as usual here at that age; both fine looking, with the large liquid eye of the Senora.

October 27.—A cold day, with some rain. Marched about 8, as usual. Yesterday morning one of the Charvises claimed a yoke of oxen, received of Captain Burgwin, which he did not get from me. It appears he returned to Captain B.'s camp, left there about sunset with a note on the subject, and overtook us early this morning. Captain B. adds to the subject of the oxen, that an intelligent man had arrived from Santa Fé, (which he left in the morning yesterday,) bringing intelligence of an arrival just before he left, from the United States, with a report of a battle of General Taylor with the Mexicans, with the result unknown, further than a loss of killed of 1,000 Americans and 1,500 Mexicans. The Captain adds, that the report was believed in Santa Fé; that Col. Doniphan had marched with his whole regiment for El Paso; and finally, that the Captain himself would march to-day down the river with many of his men afoot. We passed through a very handsome straggling village, with many cottonwoods. The church is very large, with steeples and bells. The road was good. I encamped early, having come about twelve miles. The assistant quartermaster has failed all day to purchase or exchange a mule either on the route or a mile or two below at the Alcalde Charvis. It seems that many persons, as usual, are setting out with their best mules on a buffalo hunt. I herded all the animals above three hours this afternoon in some old cornfields strewed with broken fodder. I obtained a cart-load of wood. There is scarcely a large *weed* within a mile or two of my camp. There is plenty of grass, but very dry and frosted. I engaged 22 bushels of corn, which have not yet come, near sundown. The arrival may be. Mr. St. Vrain expected daily when I left Santa Fé; 20 days from Independence, I look for an express.

October 28.—It rained all night and this morning till after 9 o'clock. The priest disappointed me in the corn. I marched about 9 o'clock. At 1 o'clock the advanced guard had come to this ground, a mile below Sa-

binal ; the last wagons were two hours later, so deep and heavy was the sand and mud. The sun came out about twelve, but is now cloudy and very cold. The mountains opposite are covered with snow. I got a large cart-load of wood, and have engaged corn. We have obtained no mules, cattle or sheep, to-day. I sent Charboneaux on to La Joya after a man with mules for sale, who is a day in advance, and have directed the assistant commissary to proceed to-morrow, a day in advance, to purchase 300 sheep, 14,500 pounds of beef (in the hoof,) which, together with the twenty-eight beeves, will make sixty day's rations from Santa Fé. All the mules, as usual, and all the cattle were herded a half mile from camp until near sunset.

October 29.—Marched about ten miles to the bottom below La Joya; the road still heavy from the rain ; found there my two dragoons and property all safe—mules improved. Lieut. Smith, acting assistant commissary of subsistence and the interpreter have gone on. I have bought here one indifferent mule. With the Mexican, with wagons and mules, no bargain could be made ; his mules poor and price extravagant. Bought some corn. We have the pleasure of encamping here in a cottonwood grove, with plenty of fuel for the first time. The mountains all round are white with snow. Reports are rife that Gen. Kearny has been taken prisoner, and others as outrageously improbable. Two Mexican oxen, strays from Captain Burgwin, were recovered to-day. The weather is clear and cold. Last night a number of the battalion went off and spent the evening in the town a mile off, and this morning a Mexican complained of wood being stolen. Lieut. Stoneman's horse received a bayonet wound, and a favorite shepherd's dog of my personal attendant's was also wounded last night. I have extreme difficulty in causing the mules to be picketed properly. There is a great *vis inertia* in such a command ; they tie two together and picket them by short ropes, and will put them too close together. The guard has, for several days, consisted of 1 subaltern, 1 sergeant, 2 corporals, and 30 men. A sergeant and twelve of them guard the beeves and oxen unyoked. Since two or three guards were left back half the day to hunt strays, it has nearly stopped straying. The officers of the day seem to exert themselves very commendably.

October 30.—Marched early ; encountered the sand bluffs ; spent two hours in ascending it, doubling teams, and in addition about 20 men assisted in drawing up each wagon. I suspect that a road a quarter of a mile lower, is better. I depended upon the known route of the regiment of dragoons and the word of a guide who had returned. About six miles from camp, a fine camp-ground was passed, and I came into Pulviders, where I found no grass, unless by passing an immense canal. I determined to do so at a gap. My men worked well with spades and large hoes, furnished by some Mexicans, who worked well with them, unasked, but it was a difficult job. I broke one wagon hound. The camp was thus established about three o'clock in a pretty bottom, where the grass is as good as usual. I bought corn. The men went half a mile or more for cottonwood fuel on the river bank. The sand-hill was very severe on the animals ; it was three or four hundred yards long. The day has been cloudy, with a southerly wind, which reminded me of snow almost as much as the white-capped mountains, everywhere visible at no great distance, or height, some of them.

October 31.—As cold and cloudy as ever. Lieut. Smith, with the interpreter, arrived last evening from below; he had engaged 300 sheep, some twenty-five miles lower down, and also a sufficiency of cattle, but mostly heavy American beeves, which I think will not do near so well as the Mexican breed. I marched at 8 o'clock precisely. The road was good, until I encountered the spot where it has fallen into the river at a bluff point. The river was higher than when the dragoons passed there. Six teams got through with difficulty; many men being forced to get into the cold water and remain there a long time. I then ordered the rest over a steep hill, and a mile round, as I was told. I think they did better. We passed several companies of American merchants, who have come over to this side. We learned, by an unusually reliable source; this morning, a report that General Amijo had just written to his wife to lend as much money as was wanted for our army; that he had set off under guard for Mexico; that about a thousand volunteers were at El Paso, for the purpose of coming up to attack and rob our merchant caravans; and that Gen. Wool, when last heard of, was near Chihuahua, &c.

The assistant quartermaster and commissaries of subsistence have been out all day attending to their department wants. I encamped three miles below Succoro; at 2 o'clock, and mustered and inspected the battalion. It is now dark; Mr. Stoneman has just come in; he has purchased five mules, for \$170. Mr. Smith has just arrived. We are but two or three miles above the last settlement. The march was 13 miles, the weather cold, but it has cleared up. There is more variety and beauty in the scenery; the broken bluffs and mountains hem in the river more closely, and there is more woods. I am encamped in the border of a forest. I have determined to send back to-morrow two of the ox-wagons, (there are six,) and but five men were sent to drive them back. One of these, who has been and is very ill, was left in a village to-day. Yesterday and to-day ten oxen have been left on the road, unable to move. I shall send about six yokes of the worst back with the empty wagons. I also heard to-day that the trading company below were sending up mules to assist Captain Burgwin, on his march for their protection.

November 1—5 o'clock, p. m.—I have just encamped on the river, 500 yards from the road, after a march of about fourteen miles. Lieut. Smith came in late last night; he had bought his beeves, which he could not get nearer than Succoro, and where I had to send for them this morning. I sent back this morning three ox-wagons, one with a broken tongue and pair of hounds, tied behind another, to be left in care of the alcalde of Succoro. I sent seven yokes of the worst oxen. It took me until half-past 9 o'clock to make these arrangements, which I had repeatedly ordered eighteen hours before, and then had to do it myself. A dumb spirit has possessed all for the last twenty-four hours, and not one in ten of my orders has been understood and obeyed. All the vexations and troubles of any other three days of my life have not equalled those of the said twenty-four hours. Weaver was very dangerously ill in the night. Mr. Smith is off with the interpreter after sheep. My guide has been absent the whole day. The assistant quartermaster has been endeavoring to exchange broken down mules. Captain Burgwin is encamped two or three miles above me. Weaver is much better this evening. We have corn this evening; it was one of my disappointments that none was brought

last night. My attention is constantly on the stretch for the smallest things. I have to order, and then see that it is done. There is a wonderful amount of stolidity, ignorance, negligence, and obstinacy, which I have to contend against.

November 2.—Lieutenant Smith came up last night with the sheep, which this morning I found to be very poor; about half of them (lambs) almost worthless. His cattle, too, are much too poor. I marched before 8 o'clock. The Jornada was before me; here the river sweeps off to the southwest, mountains fill the bend, and the great trade-road passes to the south over an elevated plain, with a good road, but no water very near it, for 85 miles; half-way, it passes within five or six miles of a spring. Here the road I have followed crosses the river, and we turned to the right on the slightly broken tracks of General Kearny. In the wide bend to the left are several hundreds of the merchants' wagons: they are ruinously waiting the progress of events. It will one day be found out that they are not "Santa Fé traders," and that the breaking up of the lawless custom-house there has ruined their business. Behind me, within a mile or two, came Captain Burgwin's squadron, half mounted upon mules. On his march, near Luna village, some inhabitants came at speed to him, reporting that the Navahoes had just robbed them and taken off a woman, (the very incident that I apprehended, and wrote the Captain a letter in the village, to warn him of.) Capt. Greer's company, being much ahead, he was sent instantly to the rescue—his men half afoot. He overtook and recaptured the cattle and sheep, and, following on about sixteen miles, the mules of his company exhausted and left, and his men, following at long intervals on foot, the Captain, Lieut. Wilson, Corporal Price, and one private, (on horses got of the Mexicans,) overtook four Navahoes; then arose from a ravine fifty others, who surrounded the Captain and party. These killed two Indians outright, and then retreated in good order, under a shower of arrows, and were pursued, in their turn, a quarter of a mile, until they fell upon a few of their footmen, and thus came off unwounded. In this bottom, I saw a herd of many thousand sheep, and sent Mr. Smith with \$100 to purchase eighty, to make up for the lambs. I ordered him, if the owner was not there, as a case of necessity, to tell the foreman that we must have them, giving them a fair price—the same we gave yesterday. Of the guides sent me by the General, only Leroux joined me this afternoon; the others have come up to-night, more or less drunk. Weaver continues to improve, although very sick and feeble yet. Leroux said I had very poor animals to start to California: "not half so well fitted out to carry wagons as the General was." He asserts that it is twelve hundred miles, and at least ninety day's travel, from here. Very discouraging. It further appears, from his account, that it is perhaps four hundred miles from where we leave the river, seventy or eighty miles below this point, to where we can strike the Gila; this distance, for the most part, *unexplored and unknown by any of the guides*: I sent him forward in the morning, with all the guides but Charboneaux and Weaver, (sick,) to explore the plains beyond the point we leave the river, (perhaps not more than fifty miles,) and return to meet me there.

Mr. Smith got the eighty sheep, but I have now but little more than seventy-five day's of meat, (at $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of beef to the ration,) or ninety days from Santa Fé, according to the General's advice, and will, if possi-

ble use about ten of the oxen for beef. Nothing is more certain than that if I had continued with no better outfit of mules than I received at Santa Fé, I should now be broken down. I have hired three Mexicans, and put the 380 sheep under their exclusive charge. I have this night commenced herding the whole of the mules, (and beeves, and oxen,) putting all of the sentinels, ten in number, to guard them exclusively. We passed this afternoon some very bad road. I found that we could improve on the track made by the regiment of dragoons, making about eleven miles. The camp is an open grove of the river bottom. We rejoice once more in plenty of fuel and good fires; for the last twenty-five or thirty miles the timber on the fine wide bottoms of the river has been quite a striking feature in the landscape, otherwise picturesque, with lofty mountains in every direction, blue from distance or haze, and capped with snow-fields. The weather is more moderate.

November 3.—Captain Greer, Lieutenant Wilson and Mr. Houck, visited us this morning. Captain G. confirms the statement of his skirmish with the Navahoes, and praises Lieutenant Wilson. By a person who left Chihuahua October 14th, a paper of that city, of the 6th, has been received, containing an account of Santa Anna's installation and his inaugural address; or, perhaps, a proclamation; in it he calls us "audacious and perfidious Americans," promises vigorous war, and to head the army. This man confirms the report of a battle near Monterey, and gives some particulars, viz: that there were 5,000 Americans; that the Mexicans lost 1,300, killed and wounded; that during the battle other American forces took possession of the city, where, at the last accounts, they were invested by a superior Mexican force. There has been strong suspicions amongst the merchants down here of a conspiracy to rise and throw off the Mexican rule in this territory; connected, perhaps, at the moment, with the advance of seven hundred men, who certainly did march from El Paso north, and there is no doubt but they had emissaries or spies, and most likely, I think, above the Jornada. I learn that the volunteer who brought the report to Captain Burgwin of the arrival and news from the United States, also states, that at that time there was a talk in Santa Fé of the rising of the people. As for myself, I believe that the priests and a few of the millionaires, would like to put forward others to attempt to regain their despotic sway and grinding oppression of the people; but take them altogether I think the cowardly barbarians—too well off to have a decent government forced on them—are selfish enough to refrain from any risk in the world. I marched to day about fourteen miles; some bad bluffs of heavy sand were passed. The camp is on a high plain covered with gamma grass, apparently entirely dead, but said to be nearly as good as corn. For the last forty miles the flat river bottom occupies perhaps two miles in width, some of it richer than above. There is, however, a white efflorescence rather more frequent here than there, which is said to contain much carbonate of potash, and to render the soil unfit for agriculture. This district, entirely unoccupied, has the great superiority to that above, so thickly inhabited, of forests covering perhaps one-fourth of the bottoms, and the mountains also covered with cedar are very near. Fear of the Indians has made it a desert. A man of A company has died this evening; his death was very sudden; he walked to the surgeon's but this morning. The last two nights have been very cold, with severe frost.

To-day the sun was disagreeably hot. I have reduced the ration to 9 ounces of flour and 10 ounces of pork. At this rate I have 86 days. Our course to-day has been about S. W. Mr. Leroux left me this morning, with four other guides, to descend the river to the point, where it is practicable to leave it with wagons to explore beyond. After advancing several miles, I met one of the party that he had sent back ostensibly to settle upon signals by smoke, but really, I believe, because he had no use for him. This fellow, who weighs about 200, has been drunk for a week or two; his gun is broken past use. I have directed the assistant quartermaster to discharge him.

It took a cow and 12 of the lambs to make the rations to night. The lambs, not the smallest, I fear, weighed 18 pounds. We came in view this afternoon of a distant lofty mountain, running off to the east, from the range east of the great Chihuahua road; the Jornada, literally "days journey," which, far down, as far as we could see was an unbroken mass of snow. Dr. Foster, the interpreter, calls a bush which is pointed out to him the mezquite, the same bunch of a small growth is common on the Missouri and Platte prairies. I never could find out a name for it there. We passed cactus plants 10 feet high, and saw a specimen of an extraordinary variety, a bush of many small stems bearing long thorns, and also the usual fruit, covered with a full allowance of the minute pricklers.

November 4.—Marched at 8 o'clock; passed some very bad sand and stony hills; the men are distributed to the wagons, 15 or twenty to a wagon. Near 2 o'clock, as I sat on a hill watching the difficult ascent, two dragoons rode up, and in dismounting, the carbine of one went off and was very near hitting me. They handed me a letter from Captain Burgwin, to the amount that he had received information that some troops were coming from the south by way of the copper mines—it seems very improbable, but it is certainly possible—they may by this route attempt to surprize the traders' wagons. The last three miles of road were excessively bad; many steep ascents with loose stone and sand. I encamped near a great rock, where there is a small prairie of gramma grass; the march about eleven miles, which took from seven to eight hours of work, so hard that the teams can scarcely stand many such if in succession. This evening one of the party detached by Lieutenant Smith at the crossing, came up in four days, he says, probably six days, from Santa Fé. He brought no news at all. The report of the battle not yet confirmed; the infantry regiment not arrived, but expected daily. The captain, quartermaster, sergeant, and rest of the party, he reports, went back from Santa Fé by permission of Colonel Price. He reports Colonel Doniphan and his regiment on their march down within ninety miles of this point; said that Colonel Doniphan said he was going against the Navahoe Indians with a small part of his regiment; whilst the rest continued the march. The country to-day very broken, wild, and poor.

November 5.—This morning being stormy, and the draught animals very fatigued, I determined to rest to-day, having marched seventeen days without stop. I am told that a Mexican in Sonora will sometimes make powder in a day for use the next. There are said to be extinct volcanoes to the east, on the Organos range of mountains, beyond the Jornada road. Saltpeter is a very common efflorescence on the surface of the soil. About

sixty miles to the east of Albuquerque, and at a point one hundred and fifty miles to the south of it, are salt lakes, with a plentiful deposit of pure salt. The day turned out clear. I saved an ox with its shoulder out of place by staying to-day; it could not come up last night; to-day I sent for it, and had it slaughtered for beef, but although it weighed 400 pounds, it took sixteen of the commissary's lambs to make out the ration. I have ordered, in case of alarm at night, that the companies should turn out on the battalion parade ground, where they habitually form, and that all the teamsters, two to a team, should proceed to the assistance of the guard in securing the animals.

My camp is surrounded by a singularly broken and wild country, in the small open space near the mouth of a dry creek, lofty and irregular hills and bluffs jut in on three sides, and on the fourth is a narrow cotton-wood bottom, and a high mountain rises from the opposite bank of the river, and their blue and white tops are visible in every direction. These hills are covered with the dry yellow gramma grass, and are dotted with cedars. On a little hill which juts into the camp, stands a large rock of square proportions, above 30 feet high, inaccessible in any part. It is a sandy conglomerate and precisely the color of the adobes; has a striking resemblance to the ruins of a church or other large building.

November 6.—Marched eight or nine miles over the gravel bluffs, incessantly up or down hill. I struck the river where the General crossed to a wide bottom in a semi-circle bend, and waited for his pack-saddles. Now we had our first practice at breaking a wagon road for a mile and a half round the bend of the river. I encamped at the lower end. The mules are herded half a mile up the flat ravine. The hills passed to-day are well clothed with gramma grass, but there is no bottom land for ten miles. The weather is becoming warmer by day and less cold by night. I shall march from here to-morrow, my twentieth day from Santa Fe, as did the General, (he having remained here three days.) The march was about eleven miles to-day, as much as can be well made over such a rugged country. Charboneaux, the guide, caught a fine large beaver on the river last night.

November 7.—We found a tolerable road four or five miles to-day, but then struck lofty hills of sand that were barely passable; the last, particularly, almost a mountain. The advance reached this camp near the river, after above six hour's march, scarcely eight miles, and the rear were near nine hours, being for the last two hours within a mile of the camp. There is every few miles a small bottom in the bend of the river; none other. Yesterday the weather was quite hot until near sundown; in the night water froze about a quarter of an inch in thickness. We have tonight plenty of cedar for fuel, also the mezquite bush. If the route should continue any great distance as difficult, no animals could stand it; mine are poor to commence. I had a pioneer party out; from ten to twenty men march with every wagon, pushing and pulling through deep sand and up hill with musket and knapsack on is very severe work. No animal is now ever staked. The country begins to look "outlandish;" the flickering fires to-night reveal around strange plants and bushes; the "Spanish bayonets" look like colossal statues with their cap of luxuriant leaves, and other nameless bushes we have seldom seen before. We have got among wild animals, turkeys, deer, and bears.

November 8.—It blew hard and rained last night and this morning until after sunrise. The animals, too, have had little rest from yesterday's excessive labor, when the teams were in some instances doubled. I marched at 9 o'clock, with the tents wet; the road is bad for three or four miles; the wind very high and cold. After five miles, I encamped on a second bottom, where there was plenty of gamma grass. It took many of the wagons from three to four hours to make this short march; it is very discouraging; there is not a loose mule now that is fit for work. Dr Sanderson and Mr. Hall who came ahead, have accidentally fired a cottonwood bottom a mile below this camp, and it is now burning with a great smoke. I fear that Leroux, the guide who is exploring, will, by his self-made convention, take it as a signal to return. Three nights ago a teamster lost a mule which he did not report until evening, so yesterday morning I sent him and his assistant back the day's march afoot; they came up last night without finding it. This morning a mule was found in a sand pit exhausted. I left two of the guard to allow it to rest, and endeavor to bring it up. A pair of wagon hounds were broken as we came into this camp. I have some spare ones. From the last hill top we had a view of another range of mountains off to the southwest; they are covered with snow, and the high wind blew directly from them; it is to pass around their southern point that we still continue on the river to the south.

November 9.—Leroux came back last evening; he went down about fifty miles, struck off where the river turns east at San Diego, and in fifteen miles found some water holes; then he saw from a high hill a creek running out of the mountain at an estimated distance of thirty miles; the next water, over a rather level plain. We marched early and had immediately to ascend an exceedingly difficult long hill, and so for four or five miles; winding very much, and just able to pass—very broken and difficult ground. At 2 o'clock the first wagons reached a good camping ground on the river, just where General Kearny struck off, and there I have encamped. It has now become evident to all that we cannot go on so, with any prospect of a successful or safe termination to the expedition. The guides say that most of the mules would not go to California driven *loose*. I examined the mules, and found that whole teams are poor, weak, and nearly broken down. The three ox-teams and wagons were to go back about this time, at the latest; three have already gone; twenty-two men are on the sick report; quite a number have been transported in the wagons, and the knapsacks and arms of others. Many of the men are weakly, or old, or debilitated, or trifling; besides all this, my rations are insufficient. I have, then, ordered that fifty-five of the sick and least efficient men shall return to Santa Fé, taking with them twenty-six day's rations of flour, at 10 ounces, and pork at half a pound. I shall thus get rid of 1,800 pounds weight of rations, and by means of what they leave, particularly the live stock, increase my rations for the remainder 17 days of meat and 13 of flour. But I have also determined to send back, if possible, only one team of oxen, so as to use on my mule-wagons the ten other yokes; this requires that the other two ox-wagons should be left here, which I have ordered; they can be sent for. Captain Burgwin is encamped about fifty-eight miles above. There are also some thirty extra mules, which some think to pack with 60 or 80 pounds, would do nearly as well as loose. I have also determined to pack, if possible, ten extra oxen, which are nearly

broken down, 200 pounds each. I have ordered the upright tent poles to be left, and muskets to be used as substitutes, and the tents to be reduced to one to nine men, (which they will hold if opened and lowered to the height of a musket.) This all accomplished, I hope, by patience, and perseverance, and energy, to accomplish the undertaking, though in a very few days I commence a route of above three hundred miles, to the San Pedro river, of which the guides know little or nothing—know not if there be water sufficient—Leroux thinking himself fortunate in finding water at an interval of thirty miles at the outset. No one doubts but that I could not have made this *commencement* of the march with the mules furnished at Santa Fé. The march undertaken is now said to be three hundred miles longer than then believed, and such is its true character; that making the road as we go, ten miles is sometimes a very hard day's march, equal to at least twenty-five miles of a good road.

November 10.—I was forced to remain in camp to-day. It took until near 3 o'clock to get off the party of fifty-five invalids, under Lieut. Willis, notwithstanding my constant efforts; 31 tents, 12 camp-kettles, 26 mess-pans, and 149 tent-poles have been put in one of the extra ox-wagons, and the two partially concealed. The two citizens, who came to take them back, were sent afoot to inform Captain Burgwin of the fact by to-morrow night; meanwhile, they are put in charge of a beaver trapping-party, who expect to be in the vicinity for eight or nine days. I have had the packs to-day prepared for mules and oxen, under the instructions of the guides and other Mexicans, and some of the animals packed in each company; so that it can be well done and early to-morrow morning. Weaver is getting well fast. Leroux, with two guides, Mr. Foster, the interpreter, (volunteer,) and one of the Mexicans hired to herd sheep—an excellent woodsman who has been on the Gila—go ahead early in the morning. They will explore beyond the point lately explored by Leroux, and return to meet me, or, what is better, send two back from there, and continue the exploration. Charboneaux's trap was sprung by a beaver last night, but it left a fore foot, and was missing.

November 11.—We encountered a very bad, rocky bluff this morning, within a mile of camp; otherwise meeting with less obstacles than usual, coming chiefly in river bottoms. After marching fourteen miles, I encamped on hilly ground, half a mile from the river, a woody bottom between, but standing water in a dry slough was found a quarter of a mile from the ground. Three more men went to join the party returning, two sick, and one as the only active and efficient man of the whole detachment—this makes 58. There was an evident improvement in our means to-day. Thirty-six mules were very lightly packed, besides some oxen; but still the last wagon was eight hours making the fourteen miles. Some of the packed oxen performed some antics that were irresistibly ludicrous, (owing to the crupper, perhaps,) such as jumping high from the ground, many times in quick-step time, turning round the while, a perfect jig! For the last eighteen miles we have found fine river bottoms, interrupted by points of bluff, on this side chiefly; for a mountain rises abruptly beyond. They are more than a mile wide, and, what is best, with much timber upon them—a wide strip invariably. We are in sight now of the point of mountain at El Paso.

The weather is fine; the country grows more flat; the bottom grass is dead, but good gamma grass on the bluffs. A deer and turkeys were killed to-day. A difficulty is, that I cannot encamp on a regular "bottom"—the grass being dead. This afternoon, while Charboneaux, (who is very active,) was making rather a remote exploration for water, giving it up, I came on a mile, guiding myself through weeds, willows, and reeds above my head, found water in a densely-timbered and brushy bottom, and established the camp on the bluff, with fine grass near. The tents are pitched with muskets, somewhat lengthened by a peg that enters the muzzle; the backs are opened, and a gore inserted, so that they are stretched out nearly into a circle, and are very capacious.

November 12.—Fifteen miles to-day, and a tolerable good road; it is very cheering. It has been a fortunate day: the pioneers were several times just ready for the wagons as they arrived, and I discovered that we had got into a "*cul de sac*" just in time to set the wagons right.

It is a difficult thing to hit grass and water, as the river generally has half a mile of tangle-wooded bottom on this side. I have done it to-night, after some perseverance and difficulty. There were fine rich river bottoms nearly all day. This forenoon we turned up on the bluffs, however, at a cañon, where there was a fine view of a rapid in the river below, and apparently a good pass through the mountains to the road on the other side—most probably where the "Jornado" road approaches within three or four miles of the river. If so, there the future road should fall into the one I make.

This morning I was awakened at 4 o'clock, with the report that horses had been crossing the river in the vicinity for half an hour. I had the mules, &c., driven closer; got up, and soon became convinced that it was the sound of rapids, or the water against snags. I heard it as a breeze came from the direction of the river. I sent a small party, however, into the bottom. I have calculated that I lightened the wagons above 20 per cent. by the late operation, whilst my rations were increased eight days; and it is confirmed by the facility of motion.

November 13.—After following the river this morning a mile or more, we found a pole and note from Leroux, but met at the same time two of the guides, who directed us to leave the river short to the right, stating it was fifteen miles to water. I followed a smooth inclined plane (between two bluffs,) three miles, and then had a steep ascent; then following ridges and making ascents occasionally, we reached another inclined bed of a rainy-weather stream. From this we wound up a long valley to a ridge which bound it, following that over a very rocky prairie. Charboneaux had gone to the head of the inclined plane, and found, he thought, an outlet. The water is at its head; but he did not return in time to direct all the wagons, and it is doubtful with me if it would have been better. The wagons arrived at this ground about an hour by sun, having come fifteen or sixteen miles, and all up-hill; the prairie being usually gravelly, and not rough. The water is about 100 feet lower than the camp, in a rocky chasm, difficult of descent for animals. The chief supply is a natural rock-bound well, thirty feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet deep. It contains about 55,000 gallons. Many feet below it are two smaller holes, which the animals can get at two or three at a time. There is no fuel, save a few bushes and Spanish bayonets. The country is well

covered to-day with gamma grass, and, also, I saw buffalo grass. We came over a high point, and had a fine view of the Organos and "El Paso" mountains, and the mound called "San Diego," where the river turns to the east. For a road coming up the river, there is a very fine valley, gradually ascending to this point. The course to-day, allowing for a variation of the needle of 12° E., was S. W. Some antelopes were seen.

November 14.—Expecting to march thirty miles (to the "Mimbres") without water, and after the hard and late march yesterday, I lay until near 10 o'clock, and cooked a ration; then all the animals were watered, and I got off twenty minutes after 11 o'clock. We proceeded in a direction 35° west of south; after a mile of ascent over rolling ground, we struck the margin of a vast plain surface extending indefinitely to the southwest, and slightly inclined towards us; after coming about four miles, we met one of the guides, who stated that Leroux was at a stream seven or eight miles more to our right, near the mountain range; that the "Mimbres" had not been found, &c. I then took his course, southwest, proceeded about five miles, where he bent more to the right, and finally, near a mile, short to the right into a valley where a stream running from the hills and mountains to the right loses itself in the sand. Nearly above is a fringe of timber, cottonwood, ash, &c. The prairie to-day was generally covered thick with large gravel, with intervals of clay, all well covered with grass, both gamma and buffalo, in places quite green and luxuriant. (We come through prairie dog villages, always found with buffalo grass.)

Thus Leroux, on his second trip, (or third, if he had attempted the exploration promised by the General,) has only reached about forty miles from the river! I have no guide that knows anything about the country, and I fear such exploring, as we go, will be very slow or hazardous work. Leroux goes to-morrow with six men, and he is to send back one every day's journey (for me) to meet me, (the going that day double,) until his party becomes too small. It is cold and cloudy, with a high southwest wind; some expectations of snow are entertained. Lofty mountains, distant and isolated, rise here and there from the great smooth plain I have mentioned. Such is the general characteristic, I am told, of Mexico.

The Mimbres, which I was lead to believe we would reach to-morrow, it is now thought by the guides may not be reached the day after. Just in the camp is apparently the foundation of a house; the stones, though large, are rounded; it rises a foot or two from the ground.

Close by, besides fragments of earthen pottery, is a broken mortar of a very hard red stone, resembling a burr stone; all the exterior is apparently in its natural rough state; there seems to be no other similar stone near.

November 15—8 o'clock, a. m.—The guides are behindhand; it rains a little, and there is no fuel at the next camping ground; there being good grass and fuel here, I have reluctantly concluded to lay by to-day; but I have no doubt of its being for the general advantage. Leroux, Mr. Hall, Dr. Foster, the interpreter, Charboneaux, and three Spaniards have gone, and I have urged the necessity of an active and more distant examination of the country.

Evening.—It has blown a gale all day, raining, snowing, and shining alternately. It is very cold, although the wind is but little west of southwest. I sent for an ox which was left yesterday, "given out," and had it

slaughtered, and, together with the smallest and poorest beef, issued as a ration; gaining thereby about a third of a ration. I have calculated now, at the rate of issue that we have, after to-day, ninety days of meat and eighty-six of flour.

November 16.—A clear cold day, with a high west wind, blowing directly from the snow in sight, on the low mountains, close to our right. Our course to-day south, 15° east, bending slightly to the right into a curve or shallow cove of the mountains; here, at their feet, after coming about thirteen miles, we find a small swampy hole of water, apparently insufficient, with plenty of black mud close to the surface. Many old Indian trails concentrate here, and the grass is unusually poor. The road to-day generally level, but with a few stiff rises and hollows to pass; country well covered with grass; the soil seems good, with less gravel and stones. Charboneaux has returned, and reports the gap just before us to be practicable, and that there is water six miles from here; he went with the others about twelve miles beyond it without finding other water. It was found to be about twenty miles round the point of the mountain to the south; and that way the guides went. Charboneaux reports favorably of the appearance of the country beyond the mountain; an open plain to the west, a little north. There is an irregular enclosure of rocks piled up (about three feet) on a hill near camp; probably a temporary defence of some of the Indians of the country. Very pretty, partially crystallized silicious cinders are very common. There is no wood, but with brush, Spanish bayonets, &c., we make out pretty well. I felt yesterday almost confident that we might have crossed the mountain to the west of our last camp, where Leroux has been twice exploring. This evening I am told that one of the men went over yesterday hunting, and reports it passable, (too late;) it would have saved much distance, and Leroux should have examined it.

November 17.—Another bright morning, with a cold northwester. I marched to the southwest, up a winding valley, and over the ridge, down to near the verge of the open prairie beyond; up a ravine to the right of the road (going to the north) is the water. In this mouth of the pass I was compelled to encamp a little after 10 o'clock, having marched only three miles, (which Charboneaux had called six.) We saw to-day a new variety of oak, a large luxuriant bush, eight to ten feet high, with leaves about an inch long; they are still very green; also, a new and very beautiful variety of the Spanish bayonet, very large and spherical in shape; the largest leaves near *three* feet long, and indented like a fine saw; with a stalk eighteen feet high from the centre. Tesson killed in the mountain two of the domestic goats, with cropped ears; they were very wild—stolen, I suppose, and then lost, by the Indians. I have been on a peak three hundred feet high; a view of our exact course was obstructed by a higher mountain close by; but in that direction, west, only slight and smooth (looking) elevations could be seen; but alas! where shall the water be found? To the south it is a vast level, from which irregularly rise conical hills, mountains, and short ridges, evidently from volcanic eruptions. This ridge was covered with brown sandstone, hard and fine. I saw there a flock of partridges of a new species; they are rounder, smooth, have longer necks, and a beautiful plume to the head, and are

slate-colored. Two new splendid varieties of the cactus are found here; one a solid hemisphere, with ridges and horny hooks 3 inches long; the other, with the leaf seven inches long, also round and ridged, but velvety and variable in color from pink and purple to nearly black.

November 18.—After a severe night, with a very high north wind, we had a bright calm morning. Water, however, froze solidly over in vessels after sunrise. One of the Mexicans, whom I hired as a shepherd, came back yesterday at 3 o'clock on foot, and reported the Mimbres eighteen miles distant. I marched this morning before eight; about two miles disengaged me completely of the defile, when we followed a course 40° north of west, over a tolerably smooth firm prairie, a little rolling and occasionally sandy, but generally a good soil. After making ten miles from a hill we saw the "Mimbres" timber 25° nearer the west, and down a smooth descent, apparently about five miles; we found it eight. I have observed that rising ground, particularly if it bounds your horizon, and descending ground are both very deceiving. In the first case, an object will appear more distant, and in the latter, much nearer than the reality. The prairie this afternoon is more gravelly, and covered with small stones. The wagons came in after eight and a half hours steady pulling. This is a fine, clear, bold stream, and is in places fringed with trees—amongst others, walnut, and with thickets of osiers, (whence its name;) it is a pleasant campground; but no guide is here for to-morrow. There is a mountain before us to the west, tapering to a distant point on the left, and sinking to a high ridge on the right; but where is water, or our most advisable course? Heaven knows! We are exploring an unknown region with wagons. It is believed that our camp three days ago is within a day's march—a long one; but the guide differs from me as to the direction of the gap; he thinks it northeast of this camp. The next traveller on this road, I hope, will pass the ridge at that camp, as my guides doubtless should have done, and cut off fifteen miles. There were thirty mortars found this morning cut into a solid rock for corn or ore.

November 19.—After a warm day, the sun blistering the face, water froze last night an inch thick. Dr. Foster, the interpreter, came in last night, and reported the Ojo de Vacas, on the copper mine and Yanos road, at eighteen or twenty miles. I marched this morning soon after seven o'clock, but in crossing the river an hour and a half was lost, and a second road was cut through the saplings and brush; a pair of wagon hounds were snapped off. Our course was 25° south of west. The prairie was pretty firm, and very little rolling; but the march was mostly an ascent, and we did not reach camp with the wagons until dusk; the mules were in harness eleven hours. Here there is only a little brush for fuel.

November 20.—It was exceedingly cold last night. Water froze in my hair this morning whilst washing. Leroux, Mr. Hall, &c., came in about 7 o'clock last evening. They report that they found a hole of water about ten miles in the direction of San Bernadino, (which they consider our course, and which is about 30° south of west;) that they went ten or twelve miles further without finding any indications of water. Having come thirty-six or thirty-eight miles in two days, I deemed it almost necessary to halt a day, in the condition of the mules. This morn-

ing I took the guides with me up a hill three or four hundred feet high, to look at the country.

Whilst there, a Mexican trading party arrived from the vicinity of San Bernadino. After a close examination, the following is the amount of their information: That it is seventy or eighty miles there, and that it is above thirty miles from the water hole discovered (and out of the route) to the next water, which they believed, certainly, insufficient for our stock; and that there is one more watering place between that and the vicinity of the old ranch San Bernadino. I had a long and anxious consultation with the guides. They agree that if *there* (at San Bernadino) it would be still very uncertain whether we could reach the Gila on our course; they say, (and Dr. Foster, the interpreter, who was there in July last, agrees with them) that Janos is southwest of this point; that there is a wagon road leading there, and beyond to Fronteras; that from Yanos (six or seven day's travel from here) the route is direct to the San Pedro and Gila—a travelled one, where there is a trail, and that it is certainly better and surer than the more direct course; that it would make not more than four day's difference in the whole route—four days further; and, finally, they advise that that course be taken. (I have no guide for the other.) I have reflected long and anxiously. The General wished me to come the Gila route, that a wagon road might be established by it. The guides which he sent me would not attempt it, and aim to go some three hundred miles, and then strike the San Pedro, its tributary, and this at a distance of from fifty to a hundred miles from the Gila, the whole distance.

What difference if this distance is doubled if it is a better route? I shall stike the Gila all the same by either at the same point. I think there will scarcely be a wagon road for commerce betwen Santa Fé and the Pacific. If the continent is thus crossed in this vicinity it, will be through El Paso, from which my road may be available. I have travelled a month with ten or fifteen men to help each wagon; and I am now nearly south, of Santa Fé. If I had been supplied with *good* fat mules it might be safe to keep directly on in this wilderness; but it should be noticed that making a wagon road for thirty or forty miles without water is equal to going fifty or sixty with a road. This is done, with good mules, once or twice in a long journey. I have determined to follow the Yanos road until I can turn off—probably two days on this side—as the best road or route to the same point of the Gila, which I should strike in any route—all my guides agree in its being so. An Indian was in the vicinity, when Teson arrived yesterday, alone; but he would not allow himself to be approached. This trading party report that they parted with a party of Apaches, sixty or seventy miles from here. I sent for the two senior captains, and told them all the information on the subject of the routes. They agree with me as to the best. In fact, I find now that there is no difference of opinion amongst all the staff officers. Mr. Hall, who was with the guide, thinks the country impracticable for us. This water is a spring, in a quaking bog, where there is danger of animals falling through. I discover that the maps are worthless; they can be depended on for nothing. Mitchell's and Tanner's, both published this year, disagree two degrees of longitude in the relative positions of Santa Fé and San Diego. Some of the officers represent that the ration is insufficient, &c., and I find that the stealing of provisions has become very troublesome. I have increased it to ten ounces flour and twenty-eight ounces of fresh meat.

That leaves me, by calculation, seventy-seven days' rations of meat, and seventy-nine days' of flour. Of this party I have obtained eight tolerable good mules—six by exchange, and two by purchase. Of six (the owner being not here) he was given his own price, which was fair, and a certificate that he was required to sell to us. The mules we disposed of were worthless to us, and, unfortunately, we have quite a number more of the same sort.

November 21.—I marched this morning by the road, of which the guides had pointed out the course. I found it took a different one, 25° E. of S., going over a ridge and leaving smooth prairie to the right. Whoever reads what I wrote yesterday will perceive, that relying upon the information of my guides and interpreter, that Yanos was to the S. W. I was balanced in my judgement as to my best course, and followed their advice. I have followed them in almost every direction but east. After going a mile and a half towards that point, I decided to turn to the right and go to the hole of the water they had found ten miles on the way to San Bernardo; I then sent back to get the Mexican as a guide, on the terms he agreed to yesterday. At half-past one, coming ten miles towards the west, I encamped at the foot of the mountain, the water being two miles up a narrow valley right away from my course. Whilst encamping, some servants, to my great relief, found enough water for cooking, &c., within a quarter of a mile; the animals are herded near the holes of water and there guarded. Leroux and Charboneaux arrived at the same time from the spring, without the Mexican—he would not come. Their information is very obscure, if not contradictory; they can convey no ideas of distance, but it would seem that my greatest risk is not to find enough of water the day after to-morrow, after encamping to-morrow night without any. I have directed Leroux and Weaver, and three others, to go on to the second water to-morrow, and send back to the first information; also, to keep on to the creek which the trading party left a day and two halves of days before we met. There they left other Mexicans trading with Apaches, who were in the mountains close by; he will endeavor to speak to them to get information, guides, and to induce them to trade with us.

November 22.—At half-past seven, I sent up the teamsters to water and bring down the animals as soon as possible, calculating to march at 10 o'clock; four or five different holes of water were found within a mile or two of camp, which, altogether, supplied a deficiency. Five minutes before 10 o'clock I marched. Mr. Hall had gone an hour before with three men, with a spade, to dig at a dry creek which he reported to me he had found about eight miles westward of this camp, and where the sand was full of water. Leroux said it would not be more than three miles from our course. At 8 o'clock, Leroux, with his four assistants, went ahead. Winding out of our narrow valley, I found that Charboneaux and the pioneers had taken a course about 22° W. of S. Reaching the head of the long column of men and wagons, I found that the trail of the Mexican trading party had not yet been struck, and that the guide had given Mr. Stoneman a point of mountain to go toward, and was absent looking for the trail and for water far to the left. Much dissatisfied with the course, I kept a constant watch for the trail, and became convinced we should see nothing of Mr. Hall. At 10 o'clock, on a flat mound near our

direction, Charboneaux came to us; he assured me that Leroux was still to our left; that he had not found the trail, but he had found an old one which he was sure would lead to water. He left us to continue the same course, and went off again to the left, to renew his researches. Thus we continued until near 4 o'clock, following always a strait course towards the hills and mountains in our front; the great plain directly on our right lying in our true course. I was very much discouraged, certain of finding no water to-night, I feared, for to-morrow night. Suddenly, at 4 o'clock, exactly before us, at perhaps 15 miles, we saw a white smoke springing up, I knew then it was Leroux, who had spoken of making a smoke at the little water hole. I kept on, better satisfied, until sundown, when I encamped in a smooth low place, with the usual gamma grass and enough Spanish bayonet for fuel, but no water. Since dark, Charboneaux has come in, having found the trail leading to the smoke, and he says it is still six miles to our left. He says he saw Leroux and party a moment before the smoke arose; he thinks it not more than twelve miles from this place; his mule give out, he says, and he stopped for it to rest and feed half an hour when, going to bridle it, it kicked at him and ran off; he followed it a number of miles and finally shot it, partly, I suppose, from anger, and partly, as he says, to get his saddle and pistols, which he brought into camp. Mr. Hall also come up after dark; he found, by digging, probably, a plenty of water, and in a good course; then, seeing nothing of the column for a long time, he, supposing we had not yet marched, went back to the old camp; he got separated from the men, and they have not yet come—8 o'clock. Two oxen gave out, and were left to-day; two wagons with ox-teams have just come up. The road, or rather country, was smoother than usual to-day; the same gravel and clay well covered with grass. It has been mostly a gentle descent. After all have passed, we leave a very good road. I directed to-day that the three wagons of each company and those of the staff should head alternately an hour and a half, each set stopping after leading so long, until all passed; it has answered very well. The old guard was, very provokingly, caused an unnecessary search of some hours for a mule, which Weaver took off, leaving his own in its place, without giving information of it. The weather has been, unluckily, rather warm to-day and very calm. The march about fifteen miles. The country in this direction is much smoother than that examined by the guides, more to the west, and in our proper direction.

November 24—Morning.—A severe trial has been undergone—forty miles without water! Yesterday morning, reveille and breakfast was before daylight. The march had begun when the sun rose, and all admired its singular and unusual beauty; but once or twice before on this march had the mirage been observed—it results in part from heat and moisture. Now the sun rose over a distant range of mountains, and the mirage formed a vast luminous sea or lake, to which the outline of the mountain gave a far shore, and then the higher mountains became a grand city, fortified and castellated, and with churches and spires, and the masts and sails of shipping, which rested upon the bright and placid bosom of its bay. Our course, as I said, bore yesterday directly for the white column of smoke, which rose from amidst the hills at the base of a small mountain, so we proceeded again from our dry camp. About 9 o'clock, a very strong and cold, but welcome, west wind sprung up—ten miles over good ground, but mostly up hill,

brought us to the trail of the trading party, where it had fallen into many well-worn paths, which made quite a road, which led to the water and the mountain pass. I found a fine place to encamp; but, unfortunately, the water hole turned out to be scarcely a spring at all, and in rocks instead of sand, as I had been led to believe. The mountain was fruitlessly searched, and the hole enlarged before the wagons came up, which was after 12 o'clock. There was not enough of water for the men to drink, and it leaked slowly into the little crevices of rock and stones. They eagerly watched, and dipped it up by spoons! Many had none, nor coffee that morning. The assistant quartermaster had failed, so it was reported to me, to furnish two of the companies with kegs at Santa Fé. Charboneaux had been running over the mountain, searching the trail and best passage for the wagons; he had seen the distant sand-bar beyond, where the Mexicans had reported a small supply of water; but as to distance, they, as usual, had been able to convey no definite idea. I sounded the advance, and the poor animals dragged the wagons up the rocky defile of the mountain. Six miles on this side I met a guide, sent back by Leroux, who reported an abundance of water at three leagues. We came in sight of a river, apparently, but we believed it sand. For hours I rode on, approaching it obliquely, but it *seemed* not at all. At last I struck it and found it the most extraordinary ground that had ever been seen: the dry bottom of a vast shallow lake, of indurated light-colored clay. It was nearly as smooth and hard as polished marble! I sent back the sergeant major to direct the wagons to turn out of the trail, to this strange plain, which was easy as a railroad; it came in very obliquely from the right. I found it two miles to pass it; it gave no track, and with the sight a little averted I could hardly realize that it was not ice. I arrived at dark at the shore, where it is a great bed of springs and swamp. The wagons arrived from half-past 7 to 8 o'clock, having come forty miles without water for thirty six hours, and having been thirteen hours in motion that day? Two wagons with ox-teams and two other wagons of one of the companies did not come at all; the latter stopped four miles back and sent on the mules; they have just come up—at 10 o'clock. Here were Leroux and Weaver, who had found the other Mexican party, who attempted to get away, believing us enemies. They have twenty mules, which I have directed the assistant quartermaster to obtain by trade for ours, that are utterly poor and worn down. The news by the Mexicans was very encouraging. They report good ground for a road to San Bernadino, with plenty of water, at four days journey; (my guides thought it about a day off!!) and they say that one of them can go with some of my people and bring the Apaches there; and that they have plenty of mules, just stolen, *captured*, at Oposura. The grass here, however, is poor and distant. This "dry lake," which I shall call it for want of other name, is at least thirty miles in extent, and averages perhaps a mile wide. Mr. Hall came round the mountain we crossed, and it is nearer from the last camp but one, if travelers could forego the watering place in the mountain. Thus, too, in dry weather, great advantage could be taken of the dry lake. That hole of water, it is thought, would answer for a party with fifty animals. As I have often had occasion to observe, this dry lake seemed providential to us; without it we could not have reached water for twelve hours longer; and if, as was to be expected, it had been sand, what an obstacle it would have presented.

Twelve o'clock.—Twenty of the mules have been purchased for \$666 66,

and another for \$50. The party would not trade; but the Apaches probably will. The two ox-teams did not pass the spring last night, and are not yet up. I have engaged the Mexican as a guide to San Bernadino, and an assistant in opening communication with the Apaches. We pay him \$30 for his services, he using his own mule. Leroux and he, and four others, are going immediately to San Bernadino to examine the road, and send back when necessary, and thence to find the Apaches and bring them to meet me there. The whole surface of the ground about here is whitish with salts, probably of different sorts. The ox-wagons have come in since dark. The Mexicans, say that a month ago a military expedition from Chihuahua was near this spot and returned. [Very near here, ten years ago, occurred a very extraordinary and treacherous massacre. An American, named Johnson, with seventeen persons of many different nations, (with, also, a Mexican captain and four soldiers who withdrew from fear, it is said, before the occurrence) had come from Sonora, probably to plunder from the Apaches—the captain and soldiers ran off the night before, when there was much difference in the party, and six opposed the horrible deed. Johnson engaged the village, of probably a hundred and fifty warriors, besides women and children, in trade and they gathered round closely and unsuspectingly; he had hidden a swivel on a bag of flour, with another on top of it: it was loaded to the muzzle with balls and a chain. A man sat pretending to smoke, and at a signal uncovered the breech and fired, and this was followed by two volleys of small arms. At this explosion, seemingly from the ground, and as unexpected as an earthquake, the Indians, not killed or mangled, fled in consternation. Johnson's party, so few in number, soon retired likewise, and were pursued or waylaid, by a small party of Indians who had rallied. They were fired on at a short distance, with only the loss of a mule. Johnson's party then killed seven of them, but reached Yanos in a rapid retreat in a day and a half. Three women are said to have been killed by the balls and chain. This fruitless, as well as base and treacherous, attack on so large a force is very strange. Even those of the party who opposed the deed were overruled, and had, for self-preservation, to go through with it. They took from the body of the Chief Juan José, who was an educated man, some orders which President Santa Anna had sent to his generals then invading Texas. The Indians had captured them. Johnson still lives in Sonora, conscience-stricken, it must be believed, with the horrors of this base and fiendish deed.]

November 25.—It was exceedingly cold last night, although there was no wind; it is believed the thermometer would have indicated between ten and fifteen degrees. About seven miles brought us to the defile of the mountain; it is very long and quite rocky. It took the wagons about two hours and a half, and was probably three miles over. Charboneaux, who had killed an antelope before the column reached the mountain, I found near the summit, whilst the baggage was slowly crawling up, in pursuit of grizzly bears. I saw three of them far up among the rocks, standing conspicuously and looking quite white in the sun, whilst the bold hunter was gradually approaching them. Soon after he fired, and in ten seconds again; then there was a confused action and we could see one fall, and the others rushing about with loud and fierce cries that made the mountain ring. The firing having ceased, whilst the young

bears were close by, I was much alarmed for the guide's safety; and then we heard him crying out in Spanish, but in was for more *balls*, and so the cubs escaped. The bear was rolled down and butchered before the wagons had passed. From the last hill on this side, the guides showed me a gap through which we will pass, the second march from this; it bore S. 40° W.; we then had a fine plain to cross, generally descending. We met to-day, first the plant called nopal, like the "Spanish bayonet;" it seems a variety of the palm, as the cabbage tree is said to be. It has a cabbage-like head, just above ground, eighteen inches in diameter, this sends out immense green leaves, forming a sphere of points, which would probably transfix a man. The edges of the leaves, curved up nearly into cylinders, are jagged as the saw of a mill. The second year, probably, it sends up a stem. We find them twenty-five feet high and five inches in diameter at the base. This "cabbage" is a good article of food, but it takes vast quantities of wood and a day or two to cook it, by roasting it in the ground, it is then very palatable, and called "mezcal." Brandy is also distilled from this plant. Our course brought us to a stream, the Los Animos, where it was dry, though sufficiently wooded, chiefly with sycamore. Charboneaux found running water three-quarters of a mile above, near the mountain, but just as I turned it was found that it again made its appearance lower down and more in the course. Making the same right angle that I had, in spite of sounds and signals, the baggage got into camp about sundown. A hard day of nine hours, and about seventeen miles. The loss of several mules and oxen, from breaking down, has been reported this evening, and there is more complaint than ever before of insufficiency of transportation; this after a purchase yesterday of twenty-one mules. The forty miles without water, and the cold, and the bad grass of the last camp, have told, I fear, very seriously. Here, there is, as usual, gamma grass, and close by plenty of fuel. The soil to-day was more barren than usual. We passed close under the bare peak of the mountain, of *granite*, I think. We cross, as usual of late, many trails of Indians and the cattle, &c., they constantly drive off from Sonora. We have now a high wind from the S.E. To complete my account of wild animals, I would mention that there have been seen in this same mountain a dozen black-tailed deer. To-day we passed a prairie dog village, and saw a wolf skulking around its "suburbs;" we also saw some large hares, the same as on the Platte and Arkansas rivers. There is much that is strange on this vast table land, studded with peaks and mountains of every shape; but this afternoon all must have been struck with the quiet beauty of the scene before us. The mountain passed, before us was a smooth plain inclined always to the right, but unbounded in front; waving with the south wind, the tall gamma and buffalo grass received from the slant sunshine a golden sheen, and the whole had a rich blue and purple setting of long mountain ranges on either side, the light, the shadow, and the varying distances, gave variety and beauty of hue; the near heights dotted with cedar, the silvered granite peaks and the distant lofty summits of the Gila mountains. The sun, with its pencil of rays, touched all with the bright effect of the skilful painter, whilst the tree tops of the Los Animos gave the promise, which the bracing air welcomed, of the well-warmed bivouac and the hours of rest.

November 26.—It was not so cold last night and to-day, although we always find ice at the watering places in the evening. The road this

morning bore to the right to enter a narrow flat valley, but it was for some six miles stony and over many spurs from the high ground at the foot of the mountain to the left; so that it would have been better to have turned more to the right at starting and gone further round. After that, we fell into a well-worn trail, which led over hard gravel or smooth clay soil, an excellent road, though slightly ascending. This evening it turns the shoulder of the mountain to our left and bends to the south. It seems inevitable that wind among the mountains as we will, or can, the south is ever before us. The camp is on a stream that runs down into the Los Animos, a little below our last night's camp, and this is the first water found in it. Just below us is a short cañon of rugged rocks, covered with the new species of oaks, with the diminutive leaf; it seems an evergreen. The march is about twelve miles; the soil to-day is pretty good; the high mountain range to our right is remarkably well wooded. A guide has come in, and reports it five or six leagues to the next water; and the next day, he says, we fall into the Yanos and San Bernadino road, which last place we will reach that night. The wind is high and from the south.

November 27.—Very cold last night, and a bright frosty morning, and calm. I marched at 5 o'clock, following the same trail *due south*; ground good. Three or four miles from camp I came to water and swampy ground, which finally compelled me to pass a low but sharp point of the hill; this is one of the head springs of the same creek we followed up yesterday; then turning 20° to the west, we came five miles over a smooth low table land, and then turned S. W. towards a gap among some rather broken mountains, where we found water running a few hundred yards before it sinks; here I have encamped. At the last angle, round a rocky spur of the mountains, there were appearances of iron ore, and I found the needle to vary 20° . The soil seemed rich, and a dark brown, but in large spaces of it no grass grew. We passed very extensive prairie dog villages; in fact, they lined the road nearly all day, and I never remarked them before in apparently rich ground. The buffalo grass of late disputes predominance with the ganima. The oaks first descending from the mountains to the hills are now beginning to be found even dotting the vallies; and we saw a very extensive grove to our left; on the verge of the valley there is also cherry. A very high wind from the S. W. has rendered it very disagreeable since mid-day. Black-tailed deer and antelope are plenty; a number were killed.

November 28.—Marched through an easy pass to the west of the little mountain and the open valley to the left, (a direct road would have kept it, but we turned up last evening about two miles out of the way for the water.) After following then a southern course a mile or two, we fell into a trail running W. 20° S., and said to be an old road from Yanos to San Bernadino; thus ascending for a mile, and having made about five miles in all, we came to the verge of a great descent, which led us, as far as the eye could reach, into mountains and rocks, rough and confused beyond description. I had the wagons stopped below, whilst Manuel, an assistant to the guides, as well as myself, was searching the country. Having heard of water in the edge of the valley, back and to our left, I proceeded there, and encamped about 11 o'clock; the range of mountains running six or eight miles to our left, and about 20° W. of S., seems to have some

little open country on this side of it, which may afford an outlet. I have sent Manuel to examine down in that direction. Charboneaux I have not seen since 8 o'clock; he is either examining the country or hunting. Leroux was, at the least, to have sent a man to meet me to-day; he went two days ago with the new guide into the mountains to the left to seek the Apaches; Weaver, Tesson, and two others are with him. I have some apprehensions for their safety. This San Bernadino seems to elude us like a phantom. There is very little water here, but I have discovered more about a mile off; there are some small oaks for fuel; we have seen them, to-day, quite large trees. Deer and antelope are plenty; the former are very beautiful, and of a dark iron grey color. It is overcast, warm, and promises rain. Leroux came in with his party at 7 o'clock this evening; he reports that the trail we followed to the brink of the table land, is *the* trail or road, and there is no other. What seems impracticable now becomes practicable. I have directed Mr. Stoneman to take a large pioneer party, with all the tools we have, to go to work very early in the morning. Leroux says that it is about eighteen miles to San Bernadino; that the three first miles from here are the worst, and that there is water half way, and some much nearer. I have directed Mr. Hall to go early, and find the distance to it, and whether the wagons, being lightened, can be taken with two or four mules. I have determined to pack the whole of the mules to the first water to-morrow, and then bring them back. Leroux brought with him a chief of the Apaches—that is the best of his mission—he thinks that if he had not managed to get within a fourth of a mile of their village undiscovered, that he would not have succeeded; and I am told the chief would probably not have come, but that he was drunk when he set out, and that he had shown signs of a strong inclination to return. The Apaches promised to meet me at San Bernadino, and to trade mules; they said, however, that they had not many. They have lately returned from an inroad to Oposura; they were warmly pursued, and lost a part of their spoil, and speared many of the mules. A young Apache told Leroux he had come from beyond the Gila, and that it was a good prairie between it and San Bernadino, with springs. Dr. Foster assures me that there is no other pass practicable for wagons for fifteen hundred miles to the south (a little west) of the edge of the great table land of Mexico. He passed down a similar place to this at Caretas, near Bavispe, only passable for mules, and describes the change of climate and vegetable productions as very great and sudden. San Bernadino is on the Huaqui, one of the largest rivers of Mexico, and which runs into the Gulf of California. Manuel came back, and reported that he was in view of the stream, which seemed a thousand yards below, and in a chasm. Leroux speaks of all the country he has seen in his last reconnoissance, (and he was on the lofty range to the south called the “Long Mountain,”) as being very much more broken and impassable than the pass we turned back from. Charboneaux has not come in to-night.

November 29—Same camp, 4, p. m.—It rained gently most of the night. It is warm to-day, and nearly clear. I sent Mr. Stoneman at sunrise with twenty-one men to make or improve the road. About 9 o'clock, I got off one hundred and forty mules, well packed, for the first water. One company went, leaving its wagons. At 1 o'clock I sent a note to Mr. Stoneman to keep on, and sleep with his party at the cañon

camp. At half past 3, I received an answer that he had worked only a mile, and thought he would be nearer this camp, and that empty wagons might, with much difficulty, be got through; he thinks rather the worst is passed. I shook hands with Manuelita, the Apache chief, this morning. I told him we were friends, and that I was glad to see him; that my great chief had gone on to California with a few men to meet a great many who came by the sea; that he would take the country from the Mexicans; that I was going to join him; that my mules were tired, and I wished to trade with his people for others; that this same chief and myself had met Apaches last year beyond the Arkansas, and treated them as friends; that the men he called Americans, and who led the Mexicans to war against the Apaches, were men who had run off from their country and become Mexicans; that we did not own them; that the true Americans had now conquered New Mexico, and would treat the Apaches as friends. We, too, are at war with Mexico, and if any of their war parties came (as they apprehended) soon, while I was with them, our cause would be the same. Leroux represents the bad road as ten or twelve miles, and that it is then prairie again. He thinks, from the accounts of the Indians, that it is less than a hundred miles to the San Pedro. He said, to-day, in answer to me, that Carson told him, in presence of the General, not to attempt to strike the Gila nearer than the Pedro. Charboneaux came in this afternoon; he had been a great circuit looking for game, at the country, and finally, for my camp—that is, he was lost. He thinks the country impassable for wagons. Game is very plenty; he killed two deer close together, and saw wild cattle. One of the wagons has hounds so broken as to be spoiled for a mule wagon; two others have tires very loose. The hospital wagon is large and heavy; so Major Cloud, who has a small light wagon, will pack from here; it is his choice. Dr. Sanderson takes the little wagon. The Doctor's wagon I have directed broken up for repairs to the others which need them. The pack mules got back about sundown. Lieutenant Stoneman came in with his party soon after; he had made rather more than two miles of road, and thinks that by returning at daylight with a new party, he can get on fast enough to enable me to take the wagons, &c., to the first water of the creek. I sent Leroux forward to San Bernadino early to meet the Indians, explain our delay, &c., and examine the road; he will send back Charboneaux to be our guide. Weaver will go to the last water in the cañon, return and report distances, and serve as a guide so far; the reports are so confused that I cannot tell the relative distances, nor whether it will take two or three days to San Bernadino. The wagons will be very nearly empty, and Lieutenant Stoneman thinks it necessary, and that there will be great difficulty. He has found the crowbar invaluable. It is a *portage*.

Mr. Hall went some fifteen miles, he thinks, and returned this evening. His report is rather favorable. He is very willing, active, and enterprising. The sick report is increasing fast; in fact, the men are not sufficiently clothed—no great coats—but the weather has been much more moderate for two days, and the descent we now make is perhaps one or two thousand feet. The soil here is soft and dark, and seems rich. We would have moved to-day, with great disadvantage, under ordinary circumstances; the tents wet, and the ground accumulated so on our shoes in *walking*, as to make it a matter of difficulty.

November 30.—I got off the empty wagons and packs by 9 o'clock this morning; it was a mile and a half to the verge of the plain. The first three-fourths of a mile was very bad; in one place, particularly, the descent was steeper than I have ever known wagons to make, (ropes of course were used;) one was very near turning over the hind part over the forepart. The rest of the road, six miles to this camp, where one company came yesterday, is only exceedingly rough. I had at times two, and at times four, mules in a wagon. One wagon had its hounds snapped in two, and I ordered it left, (one company, much smaller than the rest, can do very well with two wagons;) another was slightly broken. Weaver came back and reports that it is about seven miles to the last water, where the trail leaves the mountain stream we are on, and that the road is much better—for road *it is*. Above and below this are indications and even tracks of a wagon. But I am mortified to find that there was much better ground for two or three of the first miles, where our track was so bad, and the road, in fact, formerly passed over by wagons. Dr. Foster followed back a ravine putting in on our left, (as we came,) and found the road—and a practicable one for loaded wagons—to the plain we came from. My guides are ignorant of the country. Being led to believe, two mornings since, that it was a good road by the trail, Charboneaux went off hunting. Leroux had been on a mission to seek the Apaches, as much as to look for a road, and came in late, and tired the night before last. Yesterday morning I sent for him, and told him I thought I had seen from a high elevation a valley to our left, which promised well, and wished him to go and examine it. He assured me he had examined, he believed, the same one, and that there was no outlet to it; and remarked that from the information of the Indians, and from the fact of the old trail, which undoubtedly passes over the best ground in so difficult a pass, it certainly was the only one; and then spoke of the *extreme* roughness everywhere else, (and he had passed all round, I may say, and had been on high mountains which he pointed out.) As Lieut. Stoneman was then hard at work two miles off, I did not insist, but rather doubtingly. Then Charboneaux came in with no better information, reporting that the country was impassable for wagons. I am glad to record that there is a better road, varying from mine for three or four miles, and a very practicable one for loaded wagons.

The scenery to-day was grand and picturesque. At one spot there is a pass not thirty yards wide on one side. A vast rock overhangs the road; just opposite, on a verticle base of solid rock, forty feet high, rested another rock of a round cubical form, of about twenty-five feet dimension; on its top rests still another of spherical form about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The mountains and sharp ravines were well covered with the new species of oak of large size, cedar, sycamore, &c. Spanish bayonet, mezquite, and other shrubs, all of a bright green. The march about eight miles. We have descended about one thousand feet. A man named Allen, it is believed, has deserted. I have no doubt now but that I *saw* the upper part of the valley of the proper road the day before yesterday, described it to Mr. Leroux, and requested him to go and examine it, (next day,) and he replied that he had. The direction for it is this: To leave the plain we came from about a mile to the south from our road, and a mile and a half from the old trail. In *returning*, to *keep* the dry branch where our road turns to the left to go over high hills, it passes just there between two high rocks, with a pass less than twenty feet between, and

just at this spot is a very large oak with a cross cut in its bark. This is called the pass of Guadalupe. I have no evidence that the same difficulty of a break of the great table land and mountainous descent will not be found to extend to the Gila, and I believe that this is the only wagon pass to the Pacific for a thousand miles to the south. It is the road from Yanos to Fronteras; although this is forty miles north of Fronteras. Dr. Foster states an instance of a large carriage coming from the city of Mexico to Oposura by this spot as the only practicable road.

December 1.—Made six or seven miles, winding down the dry mountain torrent; the road exceedingly hard pulling—as much from immense tufts of grass and sod, as the sand and the rocks in the bed of the stream, and at its many crossings. I encamped here, where the water appears for the last time, about ten o'clock; no guide having returned, and the distance to San Bernadino believed to be at least eight miles. The pioneers went on a mile or two to the verge of the prairie, and returned. Weaver, a little beyond, spoke to an Indian, whom he, with great difficulty, persuaded to approach him, although then alone; he would not come in. It is not surprising, after the murderous treachery of Kirker and Johnson. The weather is rather warm, a little cloudy, wind west. We passed to-day beautiful scenery, the broken mountains about the precipices, and confusion of rocks. Amongst them, mezcal and Spanish bayonet now become true palm trees—the evergreen oaks, the cottonwoods, and sycamores, brilliantly colored by the frost. Messrs. Smith, Hall, and myself, have ascended a mountain nearly some eight hundred feet high. Our view was very extensive. A few miles to the south we saw the Huaqui, which, becoming a large river, empties far down into the gulf of California. To the northwest we saw a prairie for thirty or forty-miles, narrowed by the mountains seen everywhere else to a narrow gap-like outlet. We supposed that to be our course. San Bernadino was nowhere visible; we could see toward the Huaqui the mouth of a break in the prairie, in which we believe runs a creek, on which, to the northwest, we saw what may be mezquite wood, and the foundation of an old mud house. The top of the mountain was about thirty yards by fifteen. I suggested what a world's wonder it would be set like a gem in the grounds of the *Capitol*. The rocks, like all on this mountain, glittered with crystals of silex of white and pink, and even purple; there grew a giant mezcal thirty feet high, and others of this year, bristling spheres of green bayonets three feet long; several plants or shrubs without a name; cacti, from a little pink ball at your feet, to the size of trees—a nondescript, said to be of the family, sending out rods fourteen feet long, with rosin for bark, and two-inch spikes for leaves, which I named “devil rod,” &c.

December 2.—It was a cold night, ice forming thick in my tent; the loads were restored to the wagons, with their usual team of eight mules this morning; for a mile and a half, perhaps, we followed the dry creek, frequently crossing and laboring over the great lumps of sod, but we have a tolerable road, then we turned to the right, and wound up a long ascent to the bluff edge of the high prairie, generally descending; we then passed over good firm ground toward the west, and saw, miles off, the ruins of the ranche of San Bernadino; we descended into the broad flat bottom to the east of it, crossed, and encamped near the old houses, and a remarkably

fine spring, fifteen paces in diameter. As we approached, Charboneaux came to meet us, and said no Indian had arrived; but soon we saw them coming in, and as we crossed the bottom, old Manuelita, with a superior chief, and several others, rode out to meet us. There are some dozens of them in camp, but none of them came from the village where Leroux found Manuelita, who was a visiter. I invited the two chiefs to my tent, and told them that we were the *true* Americans who had just conquered New Mexico; we were friends to the Apaches. That my great chief had gone on, and that he and my government would expect them to assist us with guides and mules to go on, to drive the Mexicans from California; that I was making a road to that country; one which my countrymen would pass; and that it would be the duty of the Apaches to treat them as friends, and help them on; that so long as they conducted thus, we would be their friends; that our traders would supply their wants; and that our government gave annual presents to the tribes who were thus friendly. I asked them to send to the other village for a guide, (we know of,) for mules, &c. The chief replied that if the sun and the moon fell, still they would be friends to the Americans. They made a difficulty about sending, and said the others were afraid to come in. One of *them* then promised to guide us, and they say it is about seventy miles only to the Pedro; that a man can ride a fine horse there in a day; that our wagons can go in five days. They are poor, dirty Indians, but are generally dressed in cotton shirts, and many in trowsers; they have fine moccasins, which have boot tops. They ride fine horses, which they prefer much to mules, and are armed with very formidable-looking lances, with guns and bows; they are ugly and squalid, wear their hair generally long, and in various fashions. They wear a kind of leather skull cap, now and then ornamented with feathers and with chin pieces. They seem to understand Spanish; their own tongue is by far the most brutal grunt that I have ever heard; their lips scarcely move, and the words come out a stuttering, jerking, gutterel. They have but two or three indifferent mules here. The soil of this great bottom is pronounced very good, but the grass is now very poor, and the rising ground is a "chapperal" of the mezquite wood. The ox, in a perfectly wild state; abounds here; the guides have shot three or four. As we descended from the high ground, an immense red bull rushed by in front at full speed; it was more novel and exciting to me than the sight of buffalo. No doubt there are many Indians about, who, seeing the safety of those here, will come in to-morrow or next day. I would stay several days if the grass were good enough, with advantage, particularly as there is a prospect of subsisting ourselves on wild bulls. There is no fuel but mezquite. The march was nine miles. I presented each of the chiefs with a knife, and three or four yards of domestic cotton. They will only trade for blankets, or they must have a blanket in each trade. We have but one in the small pack of Indian goods, and I have directed Mr. Stoneman to purchase of Chacon as many as he needs. He is taking several mule loads to California; they can be bought at a very fair price. One mule has been bought this evening.

December 3.—Allen, the volunteer, who was absent five days, and was at one time thought to have deserted, returned to camp yesterday evening. He was very badly off; he had come forward the morning we followed

the trail to the brink of the pass, and he came down the trail, and his whole misfortune turned upon his taking it for granted that we could not and would not come that way, but turn to an apparent opening toward the south. He finally struck our road near the dry lake; he describes minutely his having been robbed by a small party of Indians of his musket, knife, and canteen; he ate of the carcase of a dead horse we left near there, and having no knife, had to use his teeth. The village of Apaches first visited by Leroux, have not come in to-day. One man came late, and gave us to understand that they were afraid; but two mules have been purchased or bartered for, and at high prices. The guide engaged, and who went to a village, has not yet returned, but Leroux has confidence that he will not fail us. The hunters have reported the killing of perhaps a dozen wild cattle to-day, and many pack mules have been a long time out, but have not yet brought any in, (7 p. m.) I have had the provisions which were issued to the companies at Santa Fé, weighed, and find that there is a deficiency in pork and flour both, of six or seven days; it has arisen in part from wastage, and the weighing out of flour by small quantities. I have but fifty-one days' rations, (at 10 ounces flour, $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds fresh meat, and 10 ounces of pork.) No meat has been issued to-day. I sent this morning a pioneer party on the old Fronteras trail, which will be ours for seven or eight miles through a gap in mountains to the west. They worked as far as water, and a camping place six miles. This old ranche was abandoned, I suppose, on account of Indian depredations; the owner, S. Elias, of Arispe, is said to have been proprietor of above two hundred miles square, extending to the Gila, and eighty thousand cattle; several rooms of the above houses are still nearly habitable; they were very extensive, and the quadrangle of about 150 yards still has two regular bastions in good preservation; in front and adjoining was an enclosure equally large, but is now in ruins. The wild cattle we will find ranging as far as the San Pedro; they support the Indians just as buffalo, on the plains to the east of the Rocky mountains. Fires would have been disagreeable to-day from 9 a. m. until near sundown. It may be worthy of mention that the 1st dragoons are now serving in four States or departments of Mexico, of vast extent, viz: Chihuahua, New Mexico, Sonora, and California. My camp is about seventy miles from a town of three thousand inhabitants—Arispe.

December 4.—Five days' rations of fresh meat was brought in last night. It is near 10 o'clock and the guide engaged has not come, nor the first village of Indians; there is one here who will go as far as the second water or camp. My guides will go on by noon, and I have ordered the battalion to be in readiness to march at 1 o'clock; the first water is but six miles.

Evening.—I have marched eight miles to the west into a pass of a low range of mountains; there is a remarkable mound of bare rock, 100 feet high, just back of the camp, and in front a hill peak with a facade of rocks apparently painted green, yellow, and brown; it is moss and the color of the rocks; there is a rocky basin of water between; there is some good grass; apparently hundreds of wild cattle water here daily. The road which we cut is much up hill and generally through thickets of mezquite, generally stony, and producing little else than thorns or thorny bushes. Leroux, with four others, besides the Indian, came on at 11 o'clock; he thinks this Indian can be induced to go as far as necessary; he is to send a

man to meet me early to-morrow, the other Indian who promised me to go through did not make his appearance, nor did any others. This camp I believe to be under twenty miles from Fronteras. A quarter of an hour before marching I sent round instructions to have the camp fires secured, and directed that the rear guard should complete it before leaving the ground; notwithstanding, the prairie caught, and was left burning. Three of the Indians went from our camp yesterday and returned in the evening with about 200 pounds of delicious fat meat, better than the buffalo bull ever is.

December 5.—The defile, though not steep, was long and rough; the tongue of a wagon was broken soon after marching; the wagon had but about 1,200 pounds of load; and I had contemplated leaving it and another belonging to two of the smaller companies. I therefore directed it to be left, bringing some of the useful parts; of course the wagons are not worth their transportation to California, even if I had mules to transport them. I contemplate leaving one from each company, before the march is accomplished, as a matter of necessity in fact, first or last. The condition of many of the mules may be judged from the fact, that two died last night—the warmest for a month, and after several days' rest, and a march of eight miles; after two or three miles, we met Manuel, one of the guides sent back; there was a valley in front eighteen or twenty miles wide; we followed, as I think, a wagon road, and I was much discontented that it turned to the SW, and I believe it is the road to Fronteras; it crossed some hilly ground in doing so, but the road, always hard, has been generally good, the mezquite being the greatest obstacle. Fourteen miles brought me to a large spring, which, as usual, loses itself after running a hundred yards. I met the Indian passing back rapidly on his grey horse; bow in hand, and giving the column a wide birth. I, however, brought him to, and had a little talk with him in barbarous Spanish; he was very uneasy. I thought at first he had run off from Leroux. The wild cattle are very numerous, three were killed to-day on the road, and several others by officers; around this spring is a perfect cattle-yard in appearance; and, I suppose, I myself have seen fifty. One died (that I saw,) only after twenty wounds—a half a dozen fired at ten paces—quite as hard as the buffalo. Mr. Hall, with Dr. Sanderson, was chased by one, and put in some danger by his obstinate mule. The guide points to a gap due west as our course to-morrow. Through it we see a lofty peak, apparently sixty miles off, which the Indian stated is beyond the San Pedro. The position of Fronteras is pointed out, and believed to be about twelve miles to the south, a little west. It has been cloudy all day, with a cold south wind. There is tolerable gamma grass. It was found, after reaching camp, that the axletree of another wagon was damaged past service, and none other would fit, so that I have broken up another. This leaves three companies with two each, and the two largest with three, beside three for the quartermaster's department, field and staff. It is thought that as many as five thousand cattle water at this spring. They are much like the buffalo in their habits, &c.; are rather wilder, and more apt to attack individuals. I measured the spinal process ("hump rib") of one that was eleven inches in length.

December 6.—It blew very hard last night, and also rained; this morning it was clear, but there is snow on the lofty mountains—particularly the one in front, seen through the gap of the next ridge. One of the three shepherds deserted last night; he never has been paid. Marched at half-past eight o'clock a half mile or more from camp, where we struck the creek; water was found. Then ascending five or six miles somewhat north of west, it was necessary to cut our way through mezquite. The pioneers left an hour and a quarter in advance, but the wagons were upon their heels in three or four miles. A guide was met early in the day, and conducted us to a hole in the hills and mountains where water appears above ground. Here is a fine grove of ash and walnut; and, to make it still more comfortable, an old cattle-pen of dry wood. We were thankful, for this afternoon it rained and snowed, with a very cold wind. Leroux only left here this morning; he sent word that if he found water he would send back here; but if not, he would go on to the San Pedro to ascertain the distance. This rain may prove a favorable circumstance. The mules are now grazing at will over about a half mile square of valleys, surrounded by eight pickets, stationed on ridges and hills. The wild cattle were again numerous, and quite a number very fat were killed. The meat becomes quite an incumbrance. It may be well if the guide comes not, to stay a day here, if only to dry it. The animal thus wild, seems to grow physically like the buffalo in several respects, and they certainly die quite as hard. The cows and calves keep separate; very few of these have been seen, and none killed. A black-tailed deer was killed yesterday—a doe; a buck was wounded. If one is obtained, I shall preserve the skin for mounting. The mules, &c., were so much confined by the neglect of the guard last night, that I have ordered the whole of them (officer of the day included) to be put on again to-morrow. The march, perhaps twelve miles; the pioneers were seven and a half hours coming. The Apaches trade to New Mexico the spoil of Sonora; they have done so for years. I have met two or three parties of New Mexicans among the Apaches trading. I have found them in what is considered Sonora, trading for mules just taken with bloodshed from Oposura. Thus a central government permits or suffers one State or territory to abet, to ally itself, *de facto*, with the enemies of another, with savages, their common enemy. Mexico has utterly forfeited all claim to the allegiance of Sonora. Sonora has not for years acknowledged the control of the supreme government. Its present governor holds office independently of, and is not acknowledged by, the supreme government. The last troops sent to Sonora were sent to put down a party which defied the general government; they were bought up by this party, who thus in civil war triumphed. When Sonora was called on to contribute its contingent in money to the present war of Mexico with our country, they refused, and answered that the government who gave them no protection had no claim on them, and that all their public and individual resources were inadequate to their protection against the savages who incessantly attacked them. Sonora would do well, and is not ill-disposed, to claim the protection of the United States.

December 7.—It is clear again to-day. All our rains have accompanied a wind from south to west. I sent out pioneers this morning; they went about three miles westward, following the tracks of the guides, which are in a large old trail. As the country looked open, with very little mezquite, they returned according to instructions. I await the return of the

guides; meanwhile much beef is smoking. For the last three miles, yesterday, there was a comparative intermission of mezquite, and a reappearance of Spanish bayonet. I don't know that I have mentioned that the pounded root of this plant is used as a substitute for soap in New Mexico. A party I had at La Joya several weeks, tell me they use nothing else in that village. I saw yesterday a new bush or tree—it resembles cedar at a distance; it has a gnarled stalk, resembling artemisia; it bears a small red berry, and has thorns.

Night.—The guide came in this afternoon, having gone only twelve or fifteen miles to the west without finding water, but report the grass remarkably green, and the San Pedro scarcely as far beyond. I have directed water to be taken in the few kegs the companies have, and other preparations for encamping without water to-morrow night. The meat of several bulls killed and slaughtered yesterday afternoon was sent for and brought very early this morning, and others have been killed to-day near by; the command have been busy all day smoking the meat. The Indian gave very accurate information and directions of the whole route from San Bernadino to the San Pedro. Weaver recognized points on the San Pedro. I have questioned him very closely; he says we shall strike it about the old ranche of San Pedro, about sixty miles above the Tres Alamos. From this point it is about a hundred and eighty-five miles by the mouth of the San Pedro to the Pima village; and it is a very bad road, rough, much mezquite, and very little grass. From this same point—Tres Alamos—it is about 105 or 110 miles to the Pima village by Tueson—a good beaten trail, and much descending; to Tueson, about thirty miles; in the other 75 or 80 miles there is generally but one water, and he has been told about half way.

December 8.—I marched a few minutes after 9 o'clock. The night had been so cold, with so much frost on the grass, that the mules would scarcely drink. The morning was rather warm, but a southwest wind rose very high and cold. The road this morning was over very hilly ground, and was, therefore, quite crooked; the ground was barren and hard, and good for a road, except in places covered with loose stones. Near the base of a lofty mountain to our left we struck smooth prairie, and were then troubled with mezquite. The snow lay on the mountain nearly to the foot, and within a mile of us. We could then see a great valley running toward the north, but no other sign of the San Pedro. The guides saw the wood of it, they say, from a peak of the mountain. We have come about seventeen miles—three further than they. Finding good grass and mezquite brush in the little valley of a dry branch, I encamped when the sun was more than a half hour high. The bottom of the valley, that is, the San Pedro, seemed so near that I first asked the guides if they thought that I could not reach it this evening—there is no water here. We saw, not distant, a gang of wild horses with colts. No wild cattle were killed; some were fired at far from the route by officers. The course this afternoon was WNW. (See map.)

December 9.—I marched this morning soon after sunrise. As we approached the broken ground with a long black streak of mezquite, &c., where we imagined we should find the San Pedro, we were much disappointed. We fell into the smooth valley of the dry branch of the night's camp, which wound round in one northwestern course, and I finally con-

cluded we had passed too far south for the river, or that this was the *head* of it—the guides had all become doubtful themselves. Troops of wild horses and cattle, and antelope seemed to invite attention, little of which was given. Leaving the great valley of the dry branch, we passed all appearances of broken ground, mezquite, or timber beyond, toward the mountain towering before us, white with snow, from which a north-wester cut us to the bone. We had seen only a smooth slope of prairie. My anxiety became very great, and I pushed in at a fast gait to the guides, and after ascending a hill saw a valley indeed, but no other appearance of a stream than a few ash trees in the midst; but they, with the numerous cattle paths, gave every promise of *water*. On we pushed, and finally, when twenty paces off, I saw a fine bold stream. There was the San Pedro we had so long and anxiously pursued. The western mountains being more distant than the eastern, and the ground smoother, I crossed the stream without difficulty, and at 12 o'clock moved on down it. Then Leroux, Weaver, Dr. Foster, Chacon, and Tesson went on ahead with instructions to strike off at a certain point—perhaps fifty or sixty miles below—for Tucson, examine the ground so far, and obtain information of the road beyond to the Pimo village, particularly what water may be found in it at this season. If I go by the mouth of the Pedro, I go round an angle slightly acute and pass a difficult country: passing through a cañon of the Gila, where it will be necessary for my infantry to cross the river repeatedly; the mezquite very bad and the grass poor. Thus, by Tucson, with a good road, is eighty miles shorter. On the other hand, Weaver thinks it is eighty miles from Tucson to the Pimo, with but one permanent watering place, and it is a town perhaps garrisoned, which it is remote from my object to attack. But it is too much in my way, and would put the command to too severe a trial to go round, and I certainly shall pass through if possible.

I make it twenty-seven miles, without water, to the San Pedro. I came on six miles further and encamped on its bank. Those who have been at the fork of several ranges of mountains in the vicinity, represent the grass as luxuriant. My animals obtain the gamma grass every night on hills—it is of a straw color, and looks dead; but the mules have lately improved on it with short marches, and the thousands of wild cattle and horses are fat.

To our south is a lofty mountain, perhaps forty or fifty miles; there is Santa Cruz; and there heads a stream running south into the Sonora, and another north to Tucson; this is lost, like the Sonora, in the plains. This vicinity is said to be the coldest part of Sonora without exception. We are, then, probably now at the coldest part of our march.

This stream runs north.

A bull was killed on the road to-day, and one at our camp last night.

I should have mentioned that a man servant of Captain Davis died very suddenly yesterday morning.

The wind having died away since noon, it is now quite moderate. It was the first northwest wind I remember since the second day from the Rio Grande. March sixteen miles.

The San Pedro was frozen in places this morning. Somewhere near here is a deserted ranche named San Pedro; it belonged to the proprietor of San Bernadino, and like that was broken up by the Indians. From it the wild cattle are derived; and they are the thickest at their old haunts.

There are numerous traces of them, as of buffalo in their range; and the same even to "wallows." Their numbers are concealed by the vast thicket of mezquite. This seems a fertile valley; the low grounds about a mile wide; the highlands evidently fatten numerous herds in *winter*.

December 10.—It was exceedingly cold last night. This morning, I believe Fahrenheit's thermometer would have stood below ten degrees. There being no wind, it has been warm to-day. After marching seven or eight miles, the hills approaching the river, we had to pass over a low bluff; and afterwards to wind much over and among the hills, as the ground is exceedingly hilly and mountainous, forming a cañon. Just there, on the eastern bank, stands a deserted ranche, or possibly only an adobe cattle-pen. At 2 o'clock, I turned to the right a fourth of a mile, and encamped on the point of a spur of the bluff; the grass fine, and the river three or four hundred yards off; two dry creeks put in opposite each other at right angles to the river just below; that on this side has walnut timber on it, (the nuts are the size of a "pig-nut.") The pioneers, &c., had gone on a mile and a half and stopped; so I preferred an inconvenient camp, after marching six hours, to the risk of not being able to touch the river in season. Just as the mules were unharnessed, I received a message that there was a fine camping-ground on the river within two miles.

Marched about fifteen miles.

Fish are abundant in this pretty stream. Salmon-trout are caught by the men in great numbers; I have seen them eighteen inches long. There is not on the open prairies of Clay county, Missouri, so many traces of the passage of cattle and horses as we see every day.

December 11.—Marched very early. The road to-day was quite crooked, and rather difficult to open; the bottom having very high grass and being lumpy. At 2 o'clock, again I came to a cañon, and several men having been wounded and much meat killed, I encamped, sending Charboneaux to examine the country. He came immediately in view of a deserted "village," which I presume is the true San Pedro.

There was quite an engagement with bulls, as I had to direct the men to load their muskets to defend themselves. They attacked in some instances without provocation; one ran on a man, caught him in the thigh, and threw him clear over his body lengthwise; then it charged on a team, ran his head *under* the first mule, tore out the entrails of the one beyond, and threw them both over. Another ran against a sergeant, who escaped with severe bruises, as the horns went each side of him; a third ran at a horse tied to a wagon, and, as it escaped, its great momentum forced the hind part of the wagon from the road. I saw one rush at some pack-mules and gore one so that its entrails came out broken. I also saw an immense coal black bull charge on Corporal Frost of A company; he stood his ground, while the animal rushed right on for one hundred yards. I was close by, and believed the man was in great danger of his life, and spoke to him; he aimed his musket very deliberately, and only fired when the beast was within ten paces, and it fell headlong almost at his feet. One man, when charged on, threw himself flat on the ground, and the bull jumped over him and passed on.

I have seen the heart of a bull with two balls through it, that ran on a man with those wounds, and two others through the lungs. Lieutenant Stoneman was accidentally wounded in the thumb.

An abundance of fine fish are caught, some that are three feet long; they are said to be salmon-trout. It was exceedingly cold again last night; but, there being no wind, it was disagreeably warm to-day.

Our course is very little west of north, and I fear it is much further than was supposed to the Tres Alamos. The march to-day about eleven miles. We crossed a pretty stream, which I have called "Bull run." About ten bulls were killed and butchered. I have directed that not more than rations for two days be carried away in the morning.

December 12.—Passing around the cañon and the ruined rancho, which is probably the true San Pedro, three miles brought us to the bottom again. The country is broken and rough, and we at times pass behind isolated hills; the bottom grass is very tall and sometimes difficult to pass through. These bottoms average above a mile, and are good land; the hills are stony and barren; the mezquite here becomes a small tree, and with others, this afternoon, gave quite a wooded appearance to much of the bottom. I reluctantly crossed the stream to-day and back immediately; a deep steep gully or dry creek and hilly ground seemed to make it advisable; no doubt it might be avoided. After coming twelve miles, the trail of the guides sent to Tueson seemed to lead off from the river and toward a gap. Other appearances indicated the spot which Weaver had described. We saw, too, on the verge of the bluff, in the gap, a tall post. Manuel was sent on the trail; the stick was, I believe, a "Spanish bayonet," and the trail led I cannot find out where. Charboneaux still thinks the gap the one we are to pass, and that it is only accessible for wagons some ten miles lower down; so I have determined to send early in the morning to have the trail followed; it is probable that it was taken as a near cut to the river below.

This camp is at a very good gamma grass; the first good spot seen to-day in a march of fifteen miles. There is plenty of mezquite wood.

Eight p. m.—Leroux has returned alone. This is the pass opposite, and truly we must go down some ten miles before turning off. The party reached an old ranche about fifteen miles from the river, and found a considerable of party—perhaps twenty-five Apaches, with their families, and some Mexicans who were there making mezcal whiskey. They are a portion of the Apaches friendly to the Sonorians. Leroux passed his party for trappers who had sold out to this command, which had been seen coming a day or two since, &c. They said Tueson was "close by"—probably twelve or fifteen miles; that the garrisons of all the little frontier posts had been collected there, but did not exceed two hundred in number; that the General had passed by the Pimas only twenty days before, and had evidently had some communication with Tueson; in fact, three of his people were said to be there; (but who I cannot imagine.)

They spoke of some "treaty" by which Americans could pass anywhere, but were to prevent the Coyoteros (Apaches who live north of the Gila) from attacking them. Dr. Foster proposed to go on to Tueson; it was necessary, to keep up their assumed character, that some such course should be taken, as the mules of the party being tired down, they anticipated being pursued and taken if they revealed their true business by returning unceremoniously. So Weaver, Tesson, and Chacon also set out for Tueson but a little later, and were instructed by Leroux to turn off and return by the hills or mountains. Leroux managed to hire a horse

to return, (leaving his mule.) He got an excellent account of the road beyond Tueson—two roads in fact; one with two camping places, or “waters,” the other three; that it was a two and a half days’ journey for pack-horses. So it must be about one hundred miles nearer, and a far better road. The Apaches he saw were the people who pursued those we met and recaptured the horses and mules. These had left the rancho in charge of a few soldiers half an hour before Leroux arrived.

December 13.—Marched early down the river bottom. This is a mile or two wide, and a plain on either side, inclined both to the river and down the stream, the mezquite in places taking the exact resemblance of orchards; the road was smooth. We came about seven miles and encamped, where, unfortunately, grass and water were both distant; this was necessary, or otherwise to leave very much our direction for to-morrow. The march to-morrow is represented to be eighteen or twenty miles.

At 3 o’clock, I had an inspection of arms and a long drill, drilling myself, first a company in front of the others, and then the battalion, principally at loading and firing, and in forming column from line and line from column.

Then the following order was read to the battalion, viz :

ORDERS, }
No. 19. }

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION,
CAMP ON THE SAN PEDRO,
December 13, 1846.

Thus far on our course to California we have followed the guides furnished by the General. These guides now point to Tueson, a garrisoned town, as our road, and they assert that any other course is a hundred miles out of the way, and over a trackless wilderness of mountains and river hills.

We will march then to Tueson.

We came not to make war against Sonora, and less still to destroy an unimportant outpost of defence against Indians. But we will take the straight course before us and overcome all resistance.

But shall I remind you that the American soldier ever shows justice and kindness to the unarmed and unresisting; the property of individuals you will hold sacred—the *people* of Sonora are not our enemies.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Cooke:

P. C. MERRILL, *Adjutant.*

Weaver and his two companions came in this afternoon; they had nothing material to add to Laroux’s report. Dr. Foster has not come. I march on the Tueson trail at 7 o’clock in the morning.

The weather is fine and has much moderated. There was much good grass on the route to-day, though unluckily none convenient to this camp; and there has also been extreme difficulty in getting the animals down to water.

December 14.—With reveille before 5 o’clock, I essayed to march at 7; but the distance of water, &c., and some neglect of the guard, made it near 8 o’clock. We wound up the bluffs without difficulty, but ascending ground lasted nine miles, the first two giving severe work to the pioneers, cutting palmetto and mezquite principally; the ground sandy, but firm, and well covered with grass. We then struck the trail to Tueson.

I sent Leroux and three others ahead to renew his intercourse with the few people at the "still-house," and prevent them from running off. We struck a hollow at this same point which was followed eleven miles to the first water, at this camp. About six miles back, Tesson met me with a message from Leroux, that he had fallen in with two soldiers, and that there were a sergeant and six men at the still-house, and that he would await my coming and orders—(so the message was delivered.) It was late, and the wagons like to reach a camp after dark. I left word for an officer and fifty men to come on in advance of them, and pushed on with my suite and passed the advance guard and pioneers.

On this ground, among the mezquite trees, I rode in among four or five soldiers in uniform, with horses, and arms to their saddles. They were cutting grass, and made not the least motion indicating alarm or preparation. A quarter of an hour after, Leroux returned from the still-house, near a mile further on, and told me that the sergeant had a message for me. The camp was established on good ground, with water, grass, and fuel, at dark. Soon after, the sergeant and his whole party came to me; they had met Dr. Foster *late* two days ago, with his mule tired out, (with a drunken Indian guide,) and he had said he would not come back. The sergeant said that an Apache had spread reports that had greatly alarmed the people, who were about to fly; that the commandant requested me not to pass through the town; that he had orders to prevent it, but was not able; that I could pass on either side.

I told the sergeant, if the garrison was very weak, I should probably not molest it, and to hasten back and assure the people that we were not their enemies, but friends, who wanted to purchase flour, &c., of them. He left soon after dark.

I could not learn if Chihuahua had been taken; they report that a portion of California has been retaken by the Mexicans. I do not credit at all.

They say that General Kearny left with a Pimos chief ten mules, a pack of Indian goods, and "some papers" (a letter?) The mules, I presume, broken down. The sergeant says the General left there twenty five or twenty-six days ago. As near as I can learn, Tesson is as far, or further, than I came to day; the mules came in to-night very much tired. There is water four miles on the road. I have ordered that, with a later march than usual, the animals will be watered there; giving notice that camp to-morrow evening will be without water; that we enter Tesson early the next day and spend the afternoon there.

There are now said to be three roads to the Pimos from Tesson, varying from three to five marches; persons are expected there to-day from the Gila.

March to-day twenty miles; weather very moderate.

December 15.—Marched at 9 o'clock, and watered at 11 at the last water; then for a half mile was exceedingly difficult ground; after about six miles I left the valley, Leroux and Charboneaux following a trail down the creek; one road, but a bad one, and we saw no more of them until I encamped near sundown. The hill-road was then pretty good, although we were much troubled by prickly pears, of which we encountered a new variety. At the still-house we saw a dozen or two Indians or Mexicans, men, women, and children. They had huts or wigwams of dry grass or reeds, beside a small adobe house.

The process of distillation of whiskey from mezcal was going on; it was altogether the most muddy, filthy, wretched looking place I ever saw in my life.

I fell in with four other soldiers this morning, who had brought rations, they said, to the sergeant's party; they acted in the same singular, confiding, friendly manner as the others; it occurred to me that Dr. Foster's stay was becoming extraordinary; and I determined to send him a note by one of the Mexican dragoons, directing him to come to my camp this evening; stating that I held the other three prisoners and hostages.

It is now near 9 o'clock, p. m., and Foster has not come. I have questioned one of the prisoners; he says that Dr. F. was guarded, but that the commander, on receiving a message from the sergeant, had *begged* him to come with them last night, and that he refused.

He states the force at Teuson to be about one hundred; and that they have two cannon. He states that the commander sent a man with a letter to me yesterday; since which he has not seen him, but it is supposed he met the sergeant and party and returned.

We also saw, to-day, another extraordinary variety of the cactus; a green fluted pillar thirty feet high and near two feet in diameter, very stright, but sending out—some of them—about midway up, several similar columns, something like the branches of a candelabras—the ridges of the flutes are thickly set with thorns.

In the dry creek bottom were small willows, perfectly green, and cottonwoods only *turning* yellow. Water did not freeze last night; but we see snow on the mountains. We are without water to-night; the guard is somewhat increased—to forty-two. The march twelve miles.

But two days' rations of meat have been issued in the last two weeks from my commissary provisions.

December 16.—A little after midnight I was awoke by the arrival of Dr. Foster; he had been detained under guard until the arrival of my messenger with the note. With him came two officers, with an escort. One was a "commissioner" to treat on terms; he was bound by written instructions, which he read to me, (but retained;) they amounted to a special armistice; but restricting my passage to roads and limits, to be marked by the commandant. Our conference lasted nearly two hours, and he finally departed with propositions contained in two articles, (which they wrote in Spanish) at my dictation, but in their own form and style; (of this I did not make and retain a copy.) They were substantially that he should bind his force not to serve against the United States during the present war; and, in token of submission, should surrender two cavalry carbines and three lances; and, secondly, that my officers and men should freely enter the town for the purposes of trade and refreshment.

With reveille at 5 o'clock, I had marched before sunrise, but that quite a number of mules had strayed; their disposition to search for water, and the cover of mezquite bushes in a dark night, led to the misfortune. I, however, marched at 8 o'clock, about which time the mules were all recovered. I came on with the battalion, leaving only a sufficient guard with the baggage. The road lay over a plain of hard white gravel and sand, covered with mezquite and prickly pears of every variety; and it seemed interminable. I had been led to believe the distance eight or ten miles; it proved sixteen. About six miles from town, I met a fine-looking

soldier, mounted and armed with carbine and lance, who delivered me a letter from the commandant. It stated that, as a man of honor, he could not submit to my terms. The man was politely dismissed without an answer. I then gave orders for the battalion to load their muskets; but, before it was executed, two Mexicans rode up, and gave information that the post had been evacuated; so I countermanded it. One of these two had been discharged by the General at Pimos; the other, a citizen (he said) of the town. They also gave information that the town was nearly deserted of inhabitants, forced off by the military; these had carried off their two brass cannon and all the public property but wheat and tobacco.

I formed line in the suburbs, and addressed the battalion respecting my order and warning to respect private rights. I should mention that about a dozen well-mounted men met the column near town, and accompanied it. Some of them are said to be soldiers. (They were unarmed and in plain clothes.)

I encamped half a mile below town, with a canal of water very convenient; but of grass none. Various directions were pointed out where it was said to be "close by;" in one I rode a mile over white sand, through thick mezquite, without finding a blade.

I then ordered wheat taken from the public granary, and fed two quarts to every animal. By dark, I found a field nearly enclosed by a brush fence, where there was some grass, willows, and other herbage, and directed the mules put there. Although I gave repeated and exact orders for their safe movement in the dark, they were so far understood that thirty or forty went astray.

I found, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants here; they are fine-looking people, and seemed rather glad to see us; they came freely into camp with articles for sale. I could obtain but two or three bushels of salt, and at a very high price: the command was out of it.

We saw, as we marched over the plains, far to the left, a very large stone church built by Jesuits; it is at a large Indian Pueblo, about ten miles above. At that point it is believed the military halted. There are several Pueblos in the close vicinity. I learned that twenty-five soldiers had been sent to the Gila to observe and harrass our march; and that these passed this forenoon to join the others. They were met, and conducted on a path around a small mountain.

December 17.—I had the guides out at day-break looking for grass; they could only find more of the poor description mentioned in the creek bottom. After a feed of wheat, the mules were taken there in the brush, with a strong guard. Thirty or forty were reported missing this morning, and I sent off ten small parties to hunt them.

There being much covert, I reflected that it would be a proper precaution to push a small party toward the enemy, if only for the protection of the mule hunters; and I was seized with a desire of making a strong reconnoissance, to be turned under favorable circumstances into a real attack; but a forced march was before us to the Gila, and the men were weary and nearly barefooted. With many doubts of the military propriety of my detaching myself on a venturesome expedition, I called for mounted volunteers and about fifty infantry.

At half-past 9, I marched at the head of twelve officers and all sorts of people, mounted nearly all on mules, and about forty volunteer footmen of

the battalion, and took the path through the Tueson to the Pueblo. A mile from town we saw two Mexicans, beyond the bottom, galloping in the same direction. We succeeded in taking up one of them; he said he was going to warn his *family*, or prevent them from being alarmed. I took him for a guide. The thicket soon became a dense forest of mezquite *trees*, two feet in diameter. After marching four or five miles, we came to water; and, while waiting some time for the footmen to come up, I, for the first time, spoke freely to the officers, and asked their opinion of the prudence of continuing further in the dense covert which we had found, and which the guide stated became worse all the way to the Pueblo. The four gentlemen I spoke to gave each his decided opinion against proceeding any further. My object then being accomplished, as far as the unfavorable circumstances admitted, I marched back to camp. Before we got back, signal smokes were rolling up in the direction of the enemy; they were signals of *our approach*, and very *probably* caused a further retreat of the enemy.

I have issued two quarts of wheat to every three men, and have directed about twenty-five bushels to be taken for the mules to-morrow night and the morning following, having information that there is very little grass between this and the Gila.

I found here only about five thousand paper-cigars of public property, beside the wheat; of this there is about 1,500 bushels.

There are some Pimo Indians here, who will accompany us to their village. After a thousand inquiries, my best information of the road is this—that it is hard, smooth, and level; that at about thirty miles, at the point of a mountain, there is probably enough water in rocks for the use of the *men*; that ten or fifteen miles further, there are some pools from recent rains sufficient for mules and men; that at about fifteen miles further, there is plenty of water and grass; this being five or six miles from the Gila. There is also water four miles from here. I have ordered the march about 10 o'clock to-morrow, to water at the four-mile point, and lay at night, after marching, until 9 o'clock without water. This night marching is after the repeated advice of Leroux and other guides of much experience in the country.

I learned that after the departure of the detachment nearly all the families left the town.

There is an extraordinary similarity between the mountains around, their direction, the cultivated creek valley, and, above all, an identity of the barren, sandy, hard soil of the hills, with the corresponding features of Santa Fé and its vicinity. Approached from the same direction, the southwest, like Santa Fé, Tueson is not seen until very close by; of course its adobe houses are the same in appearance, but inferior. There is a wall with abutments and battlements in bad repair, which surrounds the barracks; it is on the highest ground. The town is not *on* the bottom; it is a more populous village than I had supposed, containing about five hundred, and these are Pueblos. Beside the very large stone church above, and an adobe one here, there is another, very large, at a small Indian village close by. There are no priests at the presidio.

The New Mexicans discharged from the General's expedition have been placed under surveillance at this place; after having been once released, and having departed for Fronteras, they were brought back. They are in destitute and perilous circumstances. One has been hired by the

guides as a servant, and I have directed the others to be employed—one in place of the deserted shepherd, the other as a mule-herder.

Now, at night, it is reported that the Mexican forces have dispersed; those belonging to the posts of Fronteras, Santa Cruz, and Tubac returned, and the rest broken up. I have, however, beside a mule guard half a mile off of nine sentinels, a camp guard of six sentinels, and a picket of ten men in a commanding part of town.

Different from the sandy soil of Santa Fé creek, this seems of a dark rich soil, and is in fine cultivation; the fields are now slightly green with young wheat. This stream, which here supplies the irrigation ever necessary in Mexico, heads to the south in its course to the north, where it is lost in the plain; it appears above ground in only a few spots. The only fruits I have seen here are quinces and pomegranates.

I shall leave in the morning, for the commandant, (who of course will return) the following note (in Spanish:)

BATTALION HEADQUARTERS,
CAMP AT TUESON, SONORA,
December 18, 1846.

SIR: Having received no orders, or entertained an intention to make war upon Sonora, I regret that circumstances have compelled me to break up your quarters at this post.

Making forced marches, for the want of watering places, and finding no grass or other forage here, I have found it necessary to use about thirty fanegas of wheat from the public granary; none has been wasted or destroyed, and no other public property has been seized.

Herewith you will receive a letter for his excellency, the governor of Sonora, on the subject of my involuntary invasion of the State. I respectfully request that you send it to him with your own despatches.

With high respect, your obedient servant,

P. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Lieut. Col., commanding battalion U. S. volunteers.

TO DON ANTONIO COMADURAN,
Commandant Presidio of Tueson.

The following is a copy of a letter I have thought proper, under all the circumstances, to address to the governor, said to be a popular one, of the State of Sonora, which is considered very favorably disposed to the United States, viz:

CAMP AT TUESON, SONORA,
December 18, 1846.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: The undersigned, marching in command of a battalion of United States infantry from New Mexico to California, has found it convenient for the passage of his wagon train to cross the frontier of Sonora; having passed within fifteen miles of Fronteras, I have found it necessary to take this presidio in my route to the Gila.

Be assured that I did not come as an enemy of the *people* whom you represent; they have received only kindness at my hands. Sonora refused to contribute to the support of the present war against my country, alleging the excellent reasons that all her resources were necessary to her defence from the incessant attacks of savages; that the central govern-

ment gave her no protection, and was therefore entitled to no support. To this might have been added that *Mexico supports a war upon Sonora*. For I have seen New Mexicans within her boundary trading for the spoil of her people, taken by murderous, cowardly Indians, who attack only to lay waste, rob and fly to the mountains; and I have certain information that this is the practice of many years; thus one part of Mexico allies itself against another.

The unity of Sonora with the States of the north, now her neighbors, is necessary effectually to subdue these Parthian Apaches.

Meanwhile, I make a wagon road from the streams of the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean through the valuable plains and mountains, rich with minerals, of Sonora. This, I trust, will prove useful to the citizens of either republic, who, if not more closely, may unite in the pursuits of a highly beneficial commerce.

With sentiments of esteem and respect, I am your excellency's most obedient servant,

P. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Lieut. Col. of United States forces.

To his Excellency Lt. DON MANUEL GANDARA,
Governor of Sonora, Ures Son'a.

December 18.—10½ o'clock, a. m.—At 12, p. m., last night I was awoke from a sound sleep by one of the picket guard, who, all out of breath, assured me that a "large Mexican army was coming from the town." Such a high-sounding announcement only aroused dreamy thoughts of events of historical importance; but instantly the officer of the day announced that the picket had fired upon some body of men coming into the village. My trumpets instantly rang with the "assembly," and the battalion was promptly formed under arms upon the ground designated for the assembly. I immediately sent the right company to the town, with a reconnoitering party in advance, under Lieutenant Stoneman. The other companies were then disposed principally upon the flank toward the suburbs, with a platoon in reserve, and a sergeant and nine men were instantly sent to reinforce the mule guard in the opposite quarter, half a mile off. The company returned in a half hour, having patrolled the town and made no discovery; and so the battalion was dismissed and the camp guard increased.

I marched twenty minutes to 10 o'clock.

Some Mexicans had previously informed me that a man just arrived had informed them of the retreat of the Mexican forces toward Ures about the time of my detachment marching.

The column was soon involved in a labyrinth of wood-roads or paths; and Weaver, the only guide present, told me he was uncertain which was right. Leroux and Charboneaux, instead of being ahead with one or more Pimo Indians, did not leave town for an hour and a half, and the Indians have not come at all. To my *surprise*, I found water seven miles from town, and a plenty of it, instead of an insufficiency four miles out, as reported by Weaver, whom I sent yesterday to examine; (he took a different path.) The mules were then carefully watered about 1 o'clock. The next three miles (down the dry creek of Tueson) were excessively difficult, with *deep* sand and other obstacles. Then our beautiful "level prairie road" was much obstructed by mezquite. About fourteen miles out, at the base of a low mountain a mile off, we saw the dust of a party

of horses at speed; and their tracks were discovered, (the mezquite concealed them.) I was at a loss what to attribute it to, wild horses, Indians, or Mexican cavalry.

Three company mules were reported missing this morning, and it seems that a private one, and *two* public ones in Charboneaux's care and use were also lost. I believe they were not put in charge of the guard.

Just at dusk more deep sand was encountered; and then, from 5 and 45' to S and 45', I marched on rapidly—as mules travel well after dark—over baked clay ground, obstructed occasionally by mezquite thickets, and encamped on similar ground with a *very little* grass in spots. I have surrounded camp and animals with sentinels, and ordered that every animal be *tied*, and fed, under the superintendance of company commanders, with their half gallon allowance of wheat; and I brought as much more for morning. There is no water, of course, and appearances indicate that it may be very far. The march is ordered before sunrise. There is no moon. March about twenty-four miles.

December 20.—Marched at sunrise, finding the mountain much more distant than expected. About fourteen miles brought us to the foot of a singular-looking mountain on our left; the other mountain foot was several miles to our right. Leroux had informed me that the hole of water was at the point of the latter; he and several others had been sent on from camp to find it. I expected to halt there an hour or two, while the men drank, and then push on to the other holes in the ground, which the guides made from eight to fifteen miles distant. After passing entirely through the gap, I found a note in the road, to the effect that they had searched both mountains for two hours without finding water; it was then near 4 o'clock. The road was good; a baked clay plain, with now and then sand mixed. Just before sundown, a small hole of rain water was found in the clay near the road, which, by requiring the men to lie down and drink and take none off, gave a drink for nearly the whole of them. At 7 o'clock, an hour after dark, and after twelve hours march without halt, I had a fire built and directed all who wished, to stop as long as they pleased, provided it was not over six hours. I was exceedingly anxious for the discovery of the hoped for water in the rain holes; I feared the guides would be in the night before finding them; and I was induced to believe that the mules would still go on better than in the morning (resting without grass or water.) I *heard* now that men in the rear of the long column had found the rock holes in the *left* hand mountain, and the interpreter says the Indians designated that one. Leroux had not got a description of the place certainly. It was reported, however, that there was little there. At 8 and 30' we arrived at a fire, and found the advance guard, &c., and Mr. Stoneman, who had been with the guides all day; here they had arrived in the twilight and found water, but far from enough, as he reported—not enough for the *men*; the loose mules and packs had been sent on by me and had rushed into the ponds. I had ordered the camps to be established, when a minute after I was informed that the signal of another fire ahead had been made, as agreed upon by Lieutenant Stoneman and Leroux, that there was a sufficiency of water. Soon after, I heard a gun, which was another signal to the same effect; I ordered the march resumed; it was very dark; no moon, and cloudy. In doubt, I discharged two pistols for a renewal of the concerted signal, and they

were answered. After advancing with difficulty a mile or two—for the ground was frequently bad—a deep crooked trail through soft clay in lumps, with artemisia and mezquite bushes, I learned that, although the arrangement had been loudly and carefully made, some of the stupid worthless guides had made the signals without reason; that is, the *fire*. The first gun I could get no information of; then the ground was very uneven and growing worse, and I ordered the camp established; the mules *could* not do more. Some drops of rain fell just at this time; and, to increase my discontent, I then learned that more water had been found at the first stopping place. I sent back, however, the command of one of the companies, whose wagons had lagged very much, and they encamped at that spot. The battalion had now marched twenty-six hours out of thirty-six; the mules had come forty-seven miles without water, and still there was none for them, and no grass—nothing but artemisian and a few mezquites; but I ordered about a bushel and a half of wheat, which I had given to each company to eat like hominy, and for coffee, as a substitute, to be all divided to the mules which were tied up.

At 12 o'clock, I sent for Leroux, who knew nothing of the signals. I directed the gullies searched for two miles above, and one below, at daylight; and for him to send or go on to the first sufficient water, and return with information of it to the head of each company.

Notwithstanding their fatigues, a number of men walked back two miles for their chance of getting water where I first stopped. They are almost barefooted, carry their muskets, knapsacks, &c., and do not grumble. I then slept from 1 to 5 o'clock this morning, when another effort was to be made. I called the company commanders together, and directed them to send on all the mules they could dispense with, and to act according to their condition when they received the report of water; that the wagons should be left, and the mules driven on to water where it was found necessary, &c. The road was now very bad, as *described* last night. At 7 o'clock, the march recommenced; men, wagons, beeves, sheep, families, children, all getting on the best they could. After coming thus three or four hours, Leroux returned with information of some holes of water two or three miles on. I immediately sent him off to look for more. About 11 o'clock, I arrived there with many of the battalion. Sentinels were posted to prevent even the men dipping it up with canteens, so scarce was it still. One hole was given to the beeves; (the foremost were shoved right through by those in rear.)

I had calculated, on Leroux's and my own information, received of Mexicans and Indians, that last night we were between seven and fifteen miles of a watering place six miles this side of the Gila. Weaver now told me that he was pretty sure it was eighteen miles to the river. A mountain, which he knew, we saw between, and intermediate water was *uncertain*. The weather was very warm—almost hot. As I waited for the wagons, perplexing myself how it was possible to give a taste to so many animals out of a few inches of water resting on mud, our prospects were exceedingly gloomy. But again I saw Leroux, and then I believed in a saving fortune; he came, and announced a sufficiency a mile or two lower. On we came, and after marching nine miles the second day without water, came to the rain ponds between 12 and 1 o'clock. Here, too, is mezquite for the mules to browse.

After Leroux's report, before I reached here, I sent on Mr. Stoneman,

Weaver, and two others, with directions to send me word if water and tolerable grazing was to be found within eight miles ahead, so that I might go on this evening; to go on, and to send me word from the river an account of the grazing there; at daylight to-morrow to go on, and if he believed the grass would not do for our circumstances, to purchase at the Indian village five miles lower, 37 bushels of corn, to be sent to me immediately; to engage as much to be delivered in the middle of the village, (it is too long a march through in one day, and contains *no* grass, by Weaver's account,) and two days' rations at the lower end; one to be carried in the wagons half over the forty miles "jornado," there commencing, which is without grass. (Weaver.)

The company which encamped in rear has come up two or three hours later. They did well, having a sufficiency of water; (and there was little more.)

Of this road which I have made from Tueson, I will say more when the river is reached; but thus far, I will pronounce it the most extensive desert I have seen; clay, sand, gravel, artemisias, mezquites, and a few other bushes; far away to the west as the eye could follow it was the same, and I am told for a hundred miles. South of the Gila there is still no water, and there is no wood, no animals—but everywhere in the dim distance fantastically-shaped mountains appeared. It is a *gold* district—said to be the most extensive, if not the richest, in the world, but can scarcely be worked for its barrenness. But every two or three miles was seen a little grass—a sort I had never seen—of a silky, light, straw color, with a head like a plume; also, a *very* little gamma. Between the two mountains there was much grass, and trees, too, a new species of mezquite, or perhaps locust; large and pretty, the wood light and porous.

It is pronounced a better road than the "jornada," so celebrated below Santa Fé, and is shorter; but I think it problematical whether it could be used much for commerce; but the other known roads from Tueson, a little longer, but with more water, may be found better. Badly off as we were, it would have been worse, vastly, before the late rain; but on the other hand, it is said to have been an extraordinary drought here for several years. A Mr. Jackson once lost many of a small drove of mules he took through in an imprudent manner in July.

A Mexican, who reached my rear guard last night on foot, has just come in. He seems to be a mine hunter, and has specimens of ores. He is a strange-looking but intelligent character, and is nearly naked. He brought me a letter from Captain Comoduran, dated at the India Pueblo; it is short and dry; acknowledges the receipt of mine explaining the "invasion of Sonora," and promises to forward my letter to the governor. His messenger gave it to this man and returned. The latter states that Comoduran asseverated he would pursue me, if only with twenty men. He had not returned to Tueson the evening or afternoon after I marched, and the troops did abandon the Pueblo when I advanced toward it with fifty or sixty men, and got entangled in the forest.

I have been mounted 32 of the last 52 hours, and what with midnight conferences, alarms, and marches, have had little rest for five days.

The battalion has marched sixty-two miles from Tueson (in about fifty-one hours;) no ration of meat was issued yesterday.

December 21.—Marched at sunrise; the road very good; came between two small mountains. Here the columnar cactus was very thick; a decayed one showed an extraordinary structure; it was a cylindric arch of wooden poles that would answer for lances. This singular vegetable production, like none others, bears a delicious fruit; it tapers from the middle alike to the top and root; near the ground it has a bark like the cottonwood.

We were in view of the cottonwoods of the long-sought Gila. The path bent more to the westward, and approached obliquely. The water and grass spoken of six miles from the river Leroux told me was near the small mountain of stone. I did not see it near the road. A ten miles march brought me to the river, when I crossed the General's trail, and encamped at 10 o'clock, in tolerably good grass—it is said the *last* until we pass the villages. Before we arrived here, although eight miles above the village, there were many Indians on the ground, and they have flocked in, mounted on horses, ever since, bringing small sacks of corn, flour, beans, &c. A one-eyed "chief" brought me the General's letter, and another from Major Swords, telling me of eleven broken down mules and two bales of Indian goods having been left for me. On this was endorsed a note for Lieutenant Stoneman. He thought it would be difficult to get enough corn, and advised me to buy all that is brought here. I directed the guides to open the few Indian goods I have, and begin. They report to me that such prices are asked that they can do nothing, and I have ordered that no individuals shall trade for corn or wheat until further orders. Charboneaux came back, and from his account there is no grass for at least thirty-three miles.

Many of these Indians, I was somewhat surprised to see, are nearly naked; they manufacture blankets, and show every desire to be clothed; they are good looking and very lively; know nothing of the value of money or of weights and measures; their language is rather a pleasant one; the first words I heard, I took for "gold watch;" some speak the Spanish, and I was surprised to perceive one who spoke it well have recourse to his fingers as necessary to explain the subtraction of five mules that had died and been drowned from the eleven left for me; it seemed he could only do it by bending down the fingers and counting those left straight. Two good mules were found by the Wanacapoos as I had learned in Tueson, and they have told me the Apaches have stolen them, which I do not credit, as the Apaches do not often trouble them, being afraid.

The weather now is like that in New Mexico early in October—warm days and cold nights; it has frozen slightly towards morning for the two last; the cottonwoods are only partially turned by frost.

I have estimated the route from Tueson seventy-three miles, and believe there is generally water on it for six months of the year; and those are the only months it could be travelled (probably) on account of the heat.

The mules I thought would nearly starve last night; but they looked very well and full this morning; but the food may not agree with them; there is a kind of seed on some of the dry-looking weeds or bushes which they ate; I have succeeded in getting a feed of corn for them.

The principal chief I have conversed with, and he and another have supped with me. He said the commander of Tueson sent to demand the

mules and Indian goods of him; that he refused, and declared he would resist force with force; he liked us better, who brought useful articles to them—clothing, &c. He said I would see that they were poor and naked, but they were content to live here by hard work on the spot which God had given them, and not like others, to rob and steal; that they did not fear us and run like the Apaches, because they made it a rule to injure no one in any way; and, therefore, believed that no one could injure them. (They have the reputation of escaping molestation from the Apaches on principles of resistance.)

But one mule has been lost on the march over from Tueson; it died in camp, probably of fatigue and thirst.

I have spoken to the two senior captains on the subject of their settling near here; they seem to look favorably upon it. Captain Hunt has asked me permission to talk to the chief on the subject; I have approved of it.

The Pimos are large and fine looking; seem well fed, ride good horses, and are variously clothed, though many have only the centre cloth; they have an extraordinary length and luxuriance of hair. With their large white cotton blankets and streaming hair, they present, when mounted, quite a fine figure; but innocence and cheerfulness are their most distinctive characteristics.

I am told that Mexican officers used every persuasion and promise of plunder to excite their hostility toward us.

December 22.—I marched at 8 o'clock. I, however, bought a few bushels of sweet corn, which was issued as rations.

A guide was sent on to look for grass, &c.; after three or four miles of tolerably good road, I was surprised to find it became excellent. Here, in advance, I rode up to a group of women, men, and girls; these last, naked above the hips, were of every age, and pretty; it was a gladdening sight of so much cheerfulness and happiness. One little girl particularly (by a fancied resemblance) excited much interest with me; she was so joyous that she seemed very innocent and pretty; I could not resist tying a red silk handkerchief on her head for a turban; then, if perfect happiness ever momentarily dwells on earth, it seemed that it was with her.

I was met, after marching about nine miles, by Leroux, who stated that here was the only place where there was anything like pasture; and I learned that I should be able to pass the village and find grass to-morrow, about fourteen miles; and so I came here to the first irrigating ditch and encamped.

Mr. Stoneman has bought seventy or eighty bushels of corn two miles further, and I have sent pack-mules for a portion; the other I will take as I pass, and endeavor to have other brought to me below. I have directed exchanges of mules made—two for one—and about six hundred pounds of flour bought, about three days' (half) rations; I have now about thirty-one days on hand at that rate. By estimate, I have forty-five days of meat, and have directed that the ration of fresh meat be raised to two pounds. The animals are falling off and *will* fall off rapidly.

The camp is full of Indians of all sorts; and a great many have flour, corn, beans, or some eatable to trade; and they seem only to want clothing, or cotton cloth and beads. I am sorry that they will be disappointed; it resembles a crowded New Orleans market in numbers and sounds, with the addition of the crying of children; they have watermelons for sale. For the last hundred miles all vegetation is green.

There are at least two thousand people in camp, all enjoying themselves very much. Very many go in pairs, encircling each other with their arms; they are of admirable form and very graceful. Their language certainly resembles in sound the *English*.

I have said much of this isolated, primitive race, because their characteristics are more striking than those of any other—and they are very many—that I ever saw.

I find I make it seven hundred and one miles from Santa Fé to this village, and four hundred and seventy-four miles from the point of the Rio Grande where the General left it, and our paths diverged. Thus, if he had come by the road I marched, about eighteen miles a day would have brought him here in twenty-six days (which I believe was his time,) and it cannot be doubted his mules would have been in far better condition than they were. I have found good grass, and my mules have *improved*. Besides this, I know of some improvements in the road by cutting off distance; and, if water can be found through or skirting the prairie, which Leroux says extends from the Oho de Vaca, about twenty-six miles south of the copper mines, to the point of San Pedro river where I left it, then, perhaps, above eighty miles would be struck off, and probably a much better road gained. Will not this prove the best emigrant's route from Independence to California—by the road I came? Leaving there the middle of July, and refreshing themselves cheaply at Santa Fé, and below, at Tueson and here, they would arrive at San Diego or Los Angeles by the end of the year; and then, if a road, as I believe, can be made to cross the Rio Grande about the middle of the Jornada del Muerto, it would cut off all the worst of this road. But to emigrants from Van Buren, Arkansas, might there not be a connection made of Greg's route with this that would make it all a very direct one?

Emigrants could *very cheaply* supply themselves with cattle, mules, and sheep, in New Mexico. If their destination was Southern California, there could be no question as to the best route.

December 23.—I marched at 8, a. m. At the chief's I stopped a few minutes; I told him I had traveled much and seen many different nations, and that the Pimos were the happiest I had ever seen; that, as long as they adhered to their present principles of honesty, industry, and peace, and cheerful content, they would continue so; that, while they never injured their neighbors, their true safety lay in uniting vigorously to resist the first aggression; that, wishing them well, I desired to add to their comfort and welfare by introducing sheep among them, and to give him for the ultimate use of his people three ewes with young, which I did.

Between the villages I met, to my delight, Francisco and two others with letters from the General and Captain Turner, dated at Warner's, sixty miles from San Diego; the news indicates that the General's arrival is very important not only to the welfare of California, but to its conquest. This party have picked up seven mules, which I have not yet seen.

At the house of the Maracopa chief, Autonia, I stopped, and spoke to him; said "I was glad to see him; I had heard he was a great friend of the Americans; that now I wished him to show it; that I had good information that his people had taken up two good mules lost by the General above, and many more below this; that I required him to have them delivered up; then I should know he was a friend, and should reward him;

and also give the people something for their trouble; that I also wanted corn, fat beeves, and mules; that I should remain until mid-day to-morrow in my camp near him.”

I came on here, where there are some holes of water and grass, far from the river, and encamped; instead of twelve miles of good road, I found it fifteen of *some* very bad road; consequently, on account of the grass here, and the hard marches lately made, and the trade, &c., for corn, I determined to rest a day. I now think it will, in the long run, advance my march.

I learn to-night the *name* of a Maracopa that has taken up the mules, and I shall thus be able, I think, to recover them.

I have determined to trade off or throw away all the pack-saddles above twelve to a company; and also to take ten or twelve quarts of corn to each animal, to be fed by little when there is no grass.

I have called for another report of the amount of pork on hand; one company which should have, without wastage, twenty-six days, has eight. What can a commander do with a people who act and manage thus? If they starve, they will be useless, or steal and rob. Another had only seventeen days.

I wish to exchange some of my poorest cattle for fat ones; I have examined them this afternoon, and find there are many in good order; there are about two or three of the oxen left; and it must be considered that they were much reduced when I left Santa Fé: some falling motionless in the road in the first twenty-five miles.

I have made a map or sketch of the route and country from the point where I left the General's trail to this village; my compass has lately become out of order and nearly useless; and as the topographical engineer officers have passed the route I shall now follow, I shall discontinue it.

The camp is on very disagreeable ground; a light dusty efflorescence of salt and clay combined. I have lately seen much of the samphire plant.

December 24.—Although remaining in camp, it has been a very busy day, and full of vexations for me.

Two companies had twenty-five days' rations of pork, at half a pound, and I was forced so far to equalize as to raise the lowest to sixteen by reducing the two highest to twenty-two. The plan of issuing the sixty days' to the companies has not answered quite as well as with regulars.

The sheep are poor; they have not done so well lately as I expected. Taking the sheep and cattle as they *are*, I have left, on an average, near forty days' rations of meat. I have about thirty days' rations of flour (at 10 oz.) of the old issue; and I have brought full three days' of corn meal; making thirty-three, which I think will take us to San Diego.

I have reserved twelve pack-saddles to a company and twenty-four sheep-skins; the rest, about a hundred and twenty, or more, and above two hundred skins, I have got rid of, trading the skins and throwing away the rude saddles, as they were not saleable. This reduces weight of baggage considerably; I ordered that the private provisions, bought by persons drawing rations, shall not be transported in the wagons; they have a number of private animals.

I only succeeded in trading for two mules; giving for them three, and a blanket; and for *one* beef (for a worthless mule;) but it was so wild that I had to kill it to-day.

After much delay and difficulty, I succeeded in extracting from the Maracopas eight mules, which they have picked up from the General's road; some of them are in pretty good order. With the rest to-day and the corn, I have great hopes of getting on well.

Last night there was a report that an American was following me with a letter. This morning we had repeated accounts of "many Americans" having arrived in the vicinity of the upper village; it was even said they were very hungry. I sent an Indian on his horse with a note for information; he returned this evening with my note, and told me it was all a false report.

Weaver has always reported the cut-off from here, without water, to be forty miles of a good road. That the road he came last time, which the General took, and followed each time by Francisco, is fifty miles, with some part bad for wagons; but that it cuts off ten miles more than the upper one; he thought there was a nearer way for this latter by going through a certain gap; I sent him this morning to examine it; he reports unfavorably—that it takes us through four miles of bad sand; Leroux, Weaver, and Francisco as to the road cannot agree; Leroux tells me, however, that I can depend upon this: that I can find grass to-morrow at sixteen miles, and have not more than twenty next day, of a better road, to the river, and following the dragoon trail. This, considering the grass and the extra water to be taken, and bad, up-hill road, will be the best division of it. I shall march about 11 o'clock to-morrow; Francisco reports that the General did not stop the second day on reaching the river, although there was grass.

These Indians can have but very few cattle; meat is a great rarity with them, so much so that I am even told they ate to-day a poor mule of ours that died in camp. They thrive, however, on the vegetable diet, are large and fat. They have the simplicity of *nature*, and none of the fancied dignified reserve, attributed as a universal characteristic of Indians. At the killing of a beef; at the sound of a trumpet; at the playing of a violin, &c., I have repeatedly seen them rush in a dense crowd to see and hear, with astonishment, curiosity, and delight, all strongly exhibited.

I entered one of their wigwams, rather above the average in size and goodness. It was 18 or 20 feet across, dug slightly below the ground, only about five feet pitch inside, made of rank grass or reeds resting on props and cross-poles, and partially covered with earth; the door, a simple hole about three feet high; the fire in the middle, the hole above very small; they are thus smoky and uncomfortable, and seemingly *very ill* suited to so warm a climate. I found there pottery and various baskets of their manufacture; in these were stowed corn and wheat. They have a pinola, or parched meal, of the mezquite bean. They parch corn, wheat, &c., in a basket by throwing in live coals, and keep it in motion by throwing it up in the air. They raise cotton, and spin and weave excellent blankets; their looms are rude, and slow to work. They make good pumpkin molasses. They have plenty of horses, which are in good order, and live on—what I cannot imagine, except dry-looking brush. I have seen only a bow or two and one or two guns amongst them all.

December 25.—This morning I obtained about six bushels more of corn, by trading old wagon-covers, jerga, &c. I gave a written paper for

the chief or "general," commendatory, and authorizing him to collect any mules that might be left on the route, and keep them until called for by some authorized person or persons in employ of government.

The sub-chief and interpreter, Turo, said they would prefer to be under the government of the United States to that of Mexico.

Twenty minutes before 11 o'clock I marched, with about 12 quarts of shelled corn for each mule, and four bushels for the oxen, (twenty-four in number.)

I found the road bad, sandy, and up hill.

Half an hour before sundown, having long seen Leroux's smoke, which I directed him to come on and make after finding the grass, I pushed on to examine the ground before dark. I reached here before it was very dark, and fixed the sentinels so that the mules could be turned loose in the mezquite, without much danger of their thirst leading them off between the sentinels. The wagons did not arrive until 8 o'clock. I have had two quarts of corn fed to the team mules, the others had been an hour feeding on grass in the bushes.

Determining to march soon after *daylight*, I believed the mules could not be collected and fed in time. The march, eighteen miles; and it is now said to be twenty-four miles to the river, but a far better road and down hill. It has been *hot* weather for several days; fortunately, it was cloudy part of to-day. The road is over a desert of white sand, &c., with only a few bushes.

December 26.—With reveille at 4½ o'clock, I could only get off 15 minutes before 7. We found the gap in the mountain difficult ground, which consumed much time. I struck the Gila about sundown. The guides had gone on, and following their path, (the wrong one,) it led me through a wretched, uneven, and tangled bottom, and I found them taking their ease at the water's edge, at some miserably dry grass. I marked out the camp by fires made by the packmen who had arrived. The wagons arrived about half-past 7 o'clock. We find the river brackish, and larger and more timbered than I had expected. Salt river, the larger of the two, comes in between this and the Pimo village.

The march, twenty-three miles.

December 27.—This is certainly the most desert, uncouth, impracticable country and river of our knowledge. It took about three hours to advance four miles, winding about through mezquite trees and other bushes, and gullies of very soft clay and some sand. The guides who had been sent ahead to find the very best ground in a strip of grass of about four miles were again at fault, and showed me a bushy spot more than half a mile from the river. I sent them on and proceeded, and then found a much more convenient camp, and the grass better at the lower end. What is called "good grass" in this country, as to appearances, would never, by any chance, obtain the *name* of grass in the western States.

It took us an hour this morning to find the mules in the entangled, bushy bottom, and two were found several miles above.

Understanding that there will be no more stony road, I had the mule-shoes cached at this camp, to be relieved of their weight. There are about 150 pairs, and some 60 pounds of nails. The spot may be thus designated: Ascending the river, after leaving the bluff termination of a

cut-off, about sixty miles below Pimo village, and opposite Rock island; after leaving this bluff eight or nine miles, the road goes close by a low bluff bank of the river, and a few hundred yards below descends a bank into the bottom; above, eight steps from the edge of the bank, the cache is in the middle of the road.

Last night a New Mexican, who had been employed in the dragoon camp, and a Chilian rode into camp. They had some news of the capture of a small place above San Diego by a party of dragoons, with a loss of one killed and three wounded. They also describe the failure of an attack several months ago by Commodore Stockton on the Pueblo. They say several hundred Indians are stationed at Warner's, to prevent the passage of people, &c., from the country, and that General Kearny has about two hundred animals half a day's travel from Warner's. They represent that Mr. Money, and another with women and children, are following them, (whom they had sent for provisions,) living on horse-flesh; that Mrs. M. was about being delivered of a child. Terrible situation!

March about seven miles. I fed no corn here.

December 28.—I sent Leroux, Charboneaux, and three other guides express this morning; Mr. Hall went with them. Their instructions were, to proceed with caution when there was any reason to expect to meet Mexican troops, or important parties with droves. To observe any discovered until they passed the southern Sonora road from the crossing of the Colorado; otherwise, to endeavor to inform me of their approach; if strong enough, to seize any drove of mules or horses coming out of California without passport, and bring them to me; one or two to go on, if possible, to bear my letter to General Kearny wherever to be found; and, if necessary, one or two of them to examine the road from Warner's to San Diego, and meet me there to guide me, &c., by the 21st of January. To endeavor to bring me from twenty to seventy fresh mules from the vicinity of Warner's to the Colorado, (a part of them assisted by hired hands;) and also eight or ten fat beeves.

I marched at 8 o'clock. I found the road a level plain of bare clay, with bushes, and rather soft. The guides, as usual, misunderstood or neglected their duty, and there was some confusion and delay in getting my camp ground; it is half a mile from the river, and quite as far from grass in the opposite direction, and also from the direct road; this leads from here a cut-off across a bend of twelve or fourteen miles, which it is necessary to commence a day with. The grass seems as rank, dry, and even brittle as possible, but it is a rare article here. I sent the mules to water at (1 and 30') and thence a mile or more to the grass, where they will remain with the guard until daylight to-morrow, when I have directed them driven to water and thence here; when I shall give them two or three pints of corn.

March eight miles; a bright day, and not very warm day. Last night ice made quite thick; the first time for many days.

I considered maturely, this morning, the idea of taking on by hard marches two hundred of the best men, with a few pack-mules to reinforce the General; leaving the rest to follow with the wagons; but when I considered the probabilities that even then the crisis would be over; that between the General's name and management, and the force he took with him, and Captain Turner's letter to me that Colonel Frémont was daily

expected with a large force, and the navy's; and when I considered the great difficulty now about to be encountered, of this river, with its sands and deficiency of food for animals, and the tierra caliente, or ninety-five miles desert then to be encountered, and how crippled the part left would be in the loss of my constant watchfulness, and in the best men, I concluded reluctantly, I hope wisely, that it should not be done. I do not mention here half the difficulties; for instance, one is, that the men are afoot, and could not *push* on so far; in fact, I am not within what is called "striking distance."

The bluff before us to-morrow has been examined, and much work is to be done on it to-morrow morning to make it practicable.

I feel as if every day here was to be an experiment or venture—a great difficulty to be overcome, and to be then rejoiced as one day less of such.

Now this camp—it is on a dusty clay bank, half a mile of bad ground from water; and three quarters in an opposite direction from some miserable, dry, brittle stuff, called grass; the large drove of mules, difficult to move, has to work backwards and forwards between the two; and is now risked, perhaps a mile from camp for the night; and this is one of the *good camps* where there is grass; others have none, &c.

The cattle, already poor, of course are starving, and they are my dependence; the sheep are very poor, and are left behind now daily. Many of the men have private mules and horses; they use public corn, or transport their own in public wagons. Great trouble I have to correct such fatal abuses, and guard against their improvidence in consuming the subsistence stores beyond the allowance, as they must have done. To march with knapsack, blanket, musket, &c., gives enormous appetites.

December 29.—With a very early reveille, by my arrangements, the mules were driven a mile and three-quarters from grass to water and back, fed a quart of corn each, and the march begun before 8 o'clock. The pioneers, under Lieut. Stoneman, went very early, and by the time we reached the bluff—about two miles—a good road had been made up it with much labor. I found the head of the dry branch we then struck very rough. The road was, however, better than I hoped, for some ten miles to the river, when a lofty bluff of coal black trap-rock forced us into the sands of the river *bed*, (when high.) This was hard work for two miles, when I regained the bank and encamped. The mules were turned into the flags or cane and willows of the sand bank, until I could get a report of the grass or mezquite, said to be at the foot of a bluff near a mile off. I sent there, however, principally to examine if the wagons could ascend it, and to have a road made. Weaver reporting that, if so, ten miles of a hard road could be found; if *not*, very bad bottoms and the river to be often crossed.

Meanwhile many of the mules came away from the river to pick about for a very *little* dead black grass under the bushes. Reports were favorable, and between 3 and 4 p. m., I sent the guard with all the mules to keep them out until daylight; also the sheep; the beeves kept at the river; the grass is the white, light, apparently dead kind we have had before, and mezquite.

The pioneers have made a road. The river is quite salty. The weather was *very* cold this morning; it was cloudy and threatened snow.

Twelve miles to-day, and the mules seem to stand it famously!

December 30.—I encountered a very difficult hill, in fact two of them, soon after marching; besides being a cut-off of four or five miles, the bluff must be crossed, or the river, six times. Just after leaving the bluff, (of black rocks,) between 12 and 1 o'clock, I found some grass, and grazed the mules for an hour with their harness on. Proceeding over the soft clay and sand, about 3 o'clock I overtook the pioneers and guides, who stated the river was far off and inaccessible; that Francisco, whom I had sent forward *early* in the morning to look, had found grass three or four miles below; the wagons were then much behind, but I determined to go. After much difficulty, I found the place by sundown—a soft beach, with green cane or flag, willows, and some grass; the wagons did not come up for an hour after dark, the mules much fagged, and many given out.

The day was very cold, with a high west wind. The march, thirteen or fourteen miles—too far, if avoidable, considering the heavy pulls at the hills and over some of the soft road.

December 31.—I mustered and inspected the battalion this morning, commencing before sunrise; meanwhile the mules were eating a feed of corn. I marched between 8 and 9 o'clock. I found the road to-day pretty good; there has been a rain here a week or two ago, which evidently improved the ground; the path, in places, was of hard beaten clay, where mules scarcely made a track. The absence of grass on a river bottom, with our limited information, is difficult to be accounted for, but I think it must be owing to a want of rain; the river does not habitually overflow; it did not last year; and, but for its old reputation for barrenness, it might be supposed that some late great flood has made a deposite so deep as to destroy the grass.

Weaver proposed this morning to burn the bottom, to be rid of dense brush; but I told him it served me as a pavement to the soft clay, which is very loosely deposited from mechanical suspension in water; a few mules following each other, in many places, step regularly in the same deep holes as footmen do in deep snow. There is much large mezquite wood; the leaves are now falling, and are said to be tolerably good food for mules; the bees are fond of them. The river bottom seems to expand to-day to many miles; for ten or fifteen miles there seems a very flat country at least; the vicinity of the river is ever marked by cottonwoods; but it is a great difficulty of the road that it is so far to the water; also, that it is impossible to more than guess the distance; and again, that it is so inaccessible for thorny brush, sand, and gullies. Francisco met me, with information that he had found several ponds with good grass at them; I found them near the road, and the first thing I did was to send a man down the high bluff bank to taste if it was not too salty and bitter for use; and, accordingly, it was utterly undrinkable for salt, &c.; this had never occurred to Francisco, who had passed them perhaps often. I had now come twelve miles, and it was reported very far to get to the river ahead, or to the right, where it is sandy; Mr. Stoneman went to it, while I marked the time by the watch for his arrival there, to be signalled by a pistol shot; it took twenty-two minutes. As the grass was remarkably good, for the country, in the old slough, I encamped here between 2 and 3 o'clock, determining to send the mules to water near sundown; but several mules that were taken to the river did not drink; the food was green, and a little of the water here they will drink; a *drove*, too, of two

hundred mules is conducted very slowly, and with much dust; so I have not sent them, but will water in the morning within eight miles, making an early march.

The beef, although some of the beeves do not look very poor, has some extraordinary appearances at least, and is scarcely fit to be eaten; one was left to-day (a second time;) the sheep are frequently left; they seem taken sick from eating some herbs, perhaps poisonous; there are many bushes or shrubs here which I am convinced are not known to science; there is very much of a sort which has dry black twisted stems three inches in diameter, but can be broken off by a kick. I saw three spots of grass to-day, but too far from water for a convenient camp; near a point of rocky bluff, called "Painted Rock," I saw a long pile of earth and cinders, which seemed to be thrown up by an eruption.

The day was cold; the mules travelled unusually fast; the march, twelve miles.

I determined this morning to embark one of my ponton wagon bodies with a load on the river, to descend in company at night. Thus an experiment will be made, and I shall save the transportation of not only a wagon, but a wagon load; I cannot try it to-morrow, because I am not on the river, but I shall the first opportunity; two days ago, two men came the day's travel on a raft, and report that there are no snags.

January 1, 1847.—Marched at half-past 7 o'clock. I soon found that, instead of getting soon to a watering place, the road passed over an extensive upland; and thus the mules were not watered until I struck the river and encamped here at 10 o'clock; the day, too, was unusually warm, although last night was exceedingly cold. The road was pretty good; some bad sand and some bad clay, but much of pebbles.

Wherever there is a bed where water sometimes runs, we find more or less grass; this favors the belief that want of rain prevents its growth; but the bottoms are covered frequently with efflorescences of salt; this, on the Rio Grande, is said to make the land unproductive; also, much of it seems of pure clay; and that, *I think*, will not produce vegetation.

The river here runs against a vertical bluff, but the guides have found a road; there is very little grass indeed, but it is a bottom of green weeds and willows and young cottonwoods; I gave the mules a pint of corn, and turned them out.

We found here the party described by the two Mexicans we met. Mrs. M. was happily delivered of a fine child two days ago; she travelled yesterday ten miles on horseback.

They tell us it is under seventy miles to the crossing, and report favorably of grass and mezquite, but say the wells, or holes of water, the General wrote me of, are dried up; but it is more probable that they have filled up with sand; their account of news varies from the former story; and we only know that the General had a sharp engagement, in which an Indian reported some killed on both sides.

I have several wagons that are worth very little, and their transportation, considering the *future*, may be fatal to many mules and more or less cripple my movements. I am now preparing a boat of two ponton wagon bodies lashed together, end to end, between two dry cottonwood logs; in this I shall put all the baggage that I can risk, and, after a trial, probably much more.

The Gila is a rapid stream of clear water, in places three or four feet deep, and here about 150 yards wide; the water is decidedly salty; in fact, Salt river is said to be the larger.

I asked one of this party we met if there was late news in California of the progress of the war, &c.; he said that half the people did not believe there *was* a war. Speaking of Mr. Money, he said "he is just like a Spaniard, and would rather believe a lie than the truth."

I have determined to send Mr. Stoneman at first in charge of the boats; they have been fresh pitched; but one of them still leaks to-night, perhaps in the morning it will not; it is owing to the shrinking of the wood in this dry climate; even old gun stocks show it plainly. I shall take with me the running gear of one of them; that of the other, and an entire wagon of company A, which it no longer needs, some men will take down on a raft.

It appears that the most authentic information leaves General Kearny engaged with a superior force, strongly posted in a fortified defile defended by one or more 12-pounders. This gives me much anxiety; I do not doubt our success; but what valuable lives may have paid for it, who can tell?

March, ten miles.

January 2.—After a very cold night and a hot morning, the day fortunately turned out cloudy and cold. About half the mules had escaped the guard this morning, wandering through bushes, small cottonwoods, &c., in search of food. I separated about 2,500 pounds of provisions, corn, &c., for Mr. Stoneman's flotilla; it consisted of pork, above thirteen days' rations, (to which quantity two of the companies had been before reduced,) and flour, above eighteen days' rations, and seven or eight bushels of corn, some tools, part of my own baggage, &c.

Although I did not sound the advance until 9½ o'clock, Mr. Stoneman's men, whom he had sent at daybreak to bring down some cottonwood logs, partly prepared the day before, had not come. I did not consider them necessary; I thought two poles would answer, and it was a *part of my plan to see* a successful commencement, at least, of the experiment.

We ascended immediately a steep bluff, which we followed five or six miles, a part of the ground quite deep with sand, then through a clay bottom, winding round to the foot of the mountain, and at the point very near the river I encamped, soon after 3 o'clock—the guides representing that I could not strike the river again for fourteen or fifteen miles. I saw on the hill small eruptions, apparently of mud, but I found it a conglomerate of stony hardness, crusted from fusion. I believe that the one seen at the "pointed rocks" yesterday morning was the same. The mountain close by utterly bare, and composed of black confused rocks. Everything indicates volcanic action, and some of a late date.

The Santa Maria stream, of Mitchell's & Tanner's maps of 1846, seems to have no existence; we pass the mouth of no river.

The large flat bottom above this is composed of little, confused, long hillocks and flat ground, white with efflorescent salts—in places quite thick. There is also a moist appearance; very likely produced by deliquescence. There is here much of "*beach*" vegetation, called *grass*, as some of it is; the mules are turned loose upon it. I habitually post the advance guard as the first relief, surrounding a large space, generally aided

by natural barriers. I have ordered the guard of last night put on again to-morrow, as a punishment. The moon was at the full.

Mr. Money asked permission to return to California with me, alone, I believe; it was granted.

It is now after sundown, and Mr. Stoneman is not here. I fear much he has failed, from the shallowness of the river. Weaver states it is lower than he ever saw it before.

The march, eleven or twelve miles.

I think all the mules were recovered this morning; four died last night.

I brought the wheels, &c., of one of the wagons, with some load—four mules drawing it.

January 3.—I ordered an early march; Weaver stating it fourteen miles to the next point of the river. No news from Mr. Stoneman, until I had ordered six pack-mules left here grazing, and a note for him to lighten his load, or, if necessary, abandon much of it, sending me on the mules three days' rations of flour for the command; which I considered the only important part of his cargo; adding, I should regret the loss of the corn more, if anything, than the pork; not valuing the ponton bed, which leaked badly.

After that, one of the raftmen came in, and reported that Mr. Stoneman embarked about noon, and that he saw him come about two miles with difficulty. The raft they could not get a quarter of a mile, and abandoned it. I sent him to find Mr. Stoneman, (afoot,) with another similar note, but directing him to signal for the mules to go to him above, if necessary.

I marched over unusually good clay bottom ground about eleven miles, when we crossed a sandy point, and I saw the guides and Mr. Smith (in charge of pioneers) on a great bluff of impalpable sand. I rode up, and found that the trail led there; that it continued the same four or five miles on the high ground. This was the fourteen-miles point, and it was only 1 o'clock. There was here a prospect of some food, on a large island close by, and none ahead. I encamped, and determined that I would not follow that trail; the bottom was considered, and pronounced impassable. Mr. Smith, all the guides, and myself then left the camp to examine the whole bottom. I took to the left, near the bluff, and forcing my way occasionally through brush and willows, found passable clay ground for a mile, down which was much shorter than the bluff trail, and led up to it by an easier ascent, if a little worked on. Mr. Smith and the guides found practicable ground about as far, and then obstacles insuperable to wagons; he returned. Weaver comes in later, and reports, that further back from the edge of the sand bluff than the trail, the ground is much better; so I shall cut off, or avoid part, and find better ground for the others.

There seems to be little or nothing to eat on the island, though Weaver says there is plenty of good grass at a pond there, when he came last fall. I have one more quart of corn for most of the mules, (beside that in the boat,) which I shall give in the morning. Company D had to be supplied with flour at San Bernadino from the others, and again at the Pimos with pork. I found yesterday they had wasted, or made way with half their corn, and this evening a balance of nearly half the remnant is missing. I have ordered the company to be issued a pound and a

quarter of beef only, until they produce 60 quarts of corn, and directed its commander to establish a quarter guard, (under charge of the officer of the day.)

My messenger to Mr. Stoneman came in at sundown. He went five or six miles back to him, through almost impenetrable thickets. Mr. S. told him he would manage to get to the mules, or get them to him; and after lightening, he was determined to get the boat down to the mouth, or until he overtook me. (He has not a single cooking article, and nothing but the pork and flour of his load.)

Mr. Money has not come; his wife was sick; I learn that her father lives at a mining town called Sonia, about sixty miles south of the Pimo village; the town has been built in the last ten years.

We found here the petrefaction of a bone, which Dr. Sanderson pronounces much larger than the corresponding bone of an elephant.

If this river was frequented by mammoths, their extinction seems to have been followed by that of every living thing; one may travel a day without seeing an animal, a reptile, creeping thing, or an insect.

Fortunately, this is the third camp I have formed without losing anything by turning off the road for water or grass.

I find that my marches on this river average quite as long as those on the Rio Grande; soon after I left that river, I commenced my present plan of the companies leading in succession every hour and a quarter, the staff teams taking their turn; each, also, commences the day's march in turn; thus, generally, each set of wagons has a daily average of breaking the way and following a pretty good road.

A corporal and three butchers drive the cattle every day, and butcher nearly every night; the guard take charge of the beeves as soon as they arrive in camp; the corporal is mounted. A corporal and two assistants drive daily the loose mules; (two of them are mounted.) These, with the other droves, leave daily last with the rear guard. The two shepherds take charge of the sheep day and night. There are twelve pack-saddles to each company, which are mostly used to lighten the wagons; these follow the advance guard and pioneers, and are generally unpacked and grazing before the wagons and companies come up.

The corporal with the pack-mules has just arrived; he thinks Mr. Stoneman passed the camp ground while he was absent above, trying to get to the river, deceived by a signal of *my messenger*, made to discover Mr. Stoneman's whereabouts; and that Mr. Stoneman is a few miles above, where, after dark, he saw a fire at a distance; of course the attempt to lighten the boats has failed thus far.

January 4.—I again left a party with seven pack-mules for Lieutenant Stoneman; I marched at 8 o'clock, and passed over the bottom ground I had examined for about a mile, and then ascending the bluff at a more gentle hill; then at places, by winding a little, the soft sand was changed for soft clay and sand covered slightly with pebbles.

After more than three hours of hard pulling, I got into the bottom again; here the guide met me with information that the river bore far off, (he had ascended the mountain partly to look,) and that it was twelve miles before we could strike it again without losing very much; and that there was a good camp and grass at the twelve-miles point. The mules are at that stage when too hard a push will make them give out by teams,

and I could not risk it without a necessity. So, at 12 o'clock, much against my will, I encamped near by an island with the usual mixture of flag grass, young cottonwood, &c. There is much thorny brush, in forcing my way through which to examine the ground, I half tore my clothes off.

Mr. Stoneman's being behind was some consideration; it will give him an opportunity to overtake us.

Francisco says it took the General until 8 o'clock at night to get a little below the point for to-morrow's camp, marching from our last night's camp, five miles above; and, if the guides are to be depended on, it was impossible to go on to-day—the river being two or three miles from the trail.

Night.—The pack-mule party came in about sundown without hearing anything of Lieutenant Stoneman.

The camp is at the foot of a volcanic peak of rocks some 500 feet high. The adjutant ascended it before sundown, and believed he could see the river for twenty miles; and again, since dark, I sent him up with Mr. Foster; they could see the appearance of a small fire opposite the camp of the night before last, sixteen or seventeen miles above, opposite a similar mountain point. I have reason to be exceedingly uneasy; Mr. Stoneman's answer to my messenger, giving him to understand that I placed no important value on nearly all his cargo, that "he would stick to it until he got to the mouth or overtook me," together with my knowledge of his indomitable perseverance, has allayed anxiety until now. I know this river is visited by the Tonto Indians, who are only formidable to sleeping men. Mr. S. has two armed men with him, but is himself without arms. Inexperienced and greatly fatigued at night, they may have been found asleep by a fire.

Dr. Foster having volunteered, I have directed him and Appolonius, a guide, to return early to-morrow morning to our last camp, five miles above, and then take the river, and ascend it by the beaches (crossing when necessary) until the matter is discovered. He takes an order for Mr. Stoneman to abandon everything but 500 pounds of flour and the best ponton, and those if necessary; but I send also to the last camp a party with six pack-mules, to remain there three hours—until 12 o'clock—then to start to rejoin me.

The mules this evening, for the first time, crossed the river, where there is better food, and I had to increase the guard to 42 privates, and sent over 24 of them, and still fear that they will escape—some of them into the dense thickets. Starve or risk their loss are the only alternatives.

January 5.—The officer of the day reported, at daylight, that the mules had been passing *down* the river during the night, following some islands; and, accordingly, when they were driven up, but little more than half were present. Nevertheless, by sending some mounted parties, they were found, and I marched at 8½ o'clock.

Soon after, I heard some shots, and was led to believe that Mr. Stoneman had arrived in the vicinity. About noon, Dr. Foster came back to me and reported that he had seen him a few miles above camp, and he had left all his load some twenty miles above the last camp. Foster wrote a note to the corporal with pack-mules, telling him where the flour was,

and leaving it to him to go or not. When I received the report, the flour was at least twenty-eight miles in the rear, and I determined at once not to send then, there being a chance that the corporal had gone. Thus, two feeds of corn, which I had brought thus far, is lost, and when most needed. The loss of the flour straightens me a little, as I have but fourteen days more, not allowing for wastage. I have reduced the rations to 9 ounces again.

I departed from the General's trail some five or six miles back, where it takes to the sand bluff, and have cut one through the bottom; much brush, but pretty good ground. After marching about 12 miles, I encamped at a poor place for grass, but the guides had become so entangled in this immense flat bottom, that they required time to look out the direction.

The march was about six hours. This bottom is called rich ground, and I believe it could easily be irrigated. The river has been a long way off all day.

Mr. Stoneman is boating; Mr. Smith works hard with the pioneers all day; Mr. Merrill, the adjutant, always marches at the head of the column of wagons, (and men,) directing them on the best road, and relieving regularly the leading wagons. Every night I have a long, laborious ride, frequently above my head in dense brush, looking for a camp-ground, for water and for grass.

If Mr. Stoneman had done as I particularly wished and urged, viz: have got off before I did, (we were twenty-one hours in that camp,) my corn and flour would have been saved; for the experiment would have shown itself a failure at once. I had put in but three days' rations of flour, until in the last hour his assurances induced me to add three more. Mr. S. spoke of his experience in rafting or boating.

January 6.—The mules, which had a square mile to ramble over last night, and which I think fared pretty well, were very early got into camp by my arrangements, and the advance was sounded, 7 o'clock 50 minutes.

A mile or two brought us back to the dragoon trail; there was much heavy road. After passing some sand-hills, the road descended to a river beach, where I had the mules watered; then, for three or four miles, we passed a constant succession of dry beds of mountain torrents—first of sand, then all of stone.

I was anxious to reach the point of the mountain where the guide had spoken much of a very bad place; but here, Francisco insisted, we were leaving the river, and the last chance for pasture; and so, after coming twelve miles in a little above six hours, I encamped. I fear the mules will do badly, although there is mezquite and some cane. I have two guards above and below, however, and they have free range over a large extent.

The ponton boats are here. The corporal with the pack-mules has not returned, and of course has gone up after a part of the flour.

Mr. Stoneman represents that in many places there are about three or four inches of water to be found in the river.

The weather is like the finest of October weather in Missouri. Last evening Weaver brought me some large cakes, half an inch thick, of pure salt.

This camp in the dust is wretchedly uncomfortable, owing to a high wind. We have seldom any wind on this river.

January 7.—I sent Dr. Foster and Francisco this morning to the crossing, believed to be twenty-five miles. They were directed to observe if any troops had come from Sonora, or if troops or droves of mules were approaching from California; also, to find the best ground for grass and a camp, as near as they could to the mouth of the Gila, for to-morrow night.

All the mules, I believe, were recovered this morning. Weaver was sent on very early to examine thoroughly the difficult spot where the volcanic mountains came into the river. Mr. Smith followed very early, with a party to work there; and Mr. Stoneman with another, advanced, as usual, to work upon the road.

I found, after passing many of the stony ridge-points and clay-gullies, that the work was very badly done, and caused the last party to work *back* to the wagons. I then forced my way through a dense thicket in the bottom round some points, and sent back directions as to the ground, and an order for the party to be increased by ten men. I then came on until I overtook Mr. Smith, and a road was cut through a dense growth of willow, cottonwood, &c., round the last point, and we again ascended to the usual open bottom. Here Weaver represented that it was the best place for forage he knew; that I could easily go to the mouth from it; and could not go further, as the road was entirely off from the rivers from that point to the crossing. So I encamped, and directed the mules all sent across the river, where only there was pasture, flag-grass, young cottonwoods, &c. Having dug a road down the bank, the river was found to be swimming. I then had them sent back through the thicket-road, and they crossed over, many of them swimming. It has given me much uneasiness. The river, where I have wanted it as a barrier to the mules, has always been but a few inches deep; here, where I must cross it, it is swimming. The pasture, I fear, is very poor. The ponton boats came down in time for the *rear* guard to cross in. The corporal and party after flour, whom I certainly expected this evening, has not come back.

A pair of hounds were broken short off, and another damaged considerably; having none to remedy it, I have directed the wagon abandoned; in fact, there are four others which are not only not necessary, but a great expenditure of force to drag along; but I shall not leave them until necessary, or at a point where I can easily send for them from Warner's.

It was very cold this forenoon; the march was about seven miles; the General's party crossed the river here.

January 8.—Mouth of Gila. I got the mules over safely and early; they had icicles on them. Marched, 7 and 45'.

There were still some hills of the "Devil's Point" to pass; then we had a very good road; there is a vast bottom here, extending up from the river's mouth, which seems good land; and, for the first time, there is something like a soil and much dry grass; I stopped about 11 o'clock for three quarters of an hour to graze the mules; but I must doubt that there was any beneficial substance in it, although the mules ate freely.

Nine or ten miles from camp I found Foster and Francisco with the pioneers; there was no appearance below of any party since Leroux's;

they reported there was no grass short of the river mouth; that there was some bunch grass there, but inconvenient to water.

I encamped here about 4 o'clock, and went about half a mile through the mezquite thickets and stationed the advanced guard so as to surround (scantly) a large space with bunch grass thinly scattered; the river is close by; to go nearer the grass I would have had to *return* in the morning; the mules hold out astonishingly, but great pains is taken; the guard duty very hard, and, apparently, much risk is run of losing *some* of them at least every night.

There are very many of the new kind of partridge or quail here; some have been shot; they have a yellow head, with a beautiful drooping plume on the top, rising slenderly a couple of inches, and then expanding and curving forward; it is composed of five or six feathers, but looks like one; they are slate colored.

The march was about sixteen miles.

The country around the two rivers is a picture of desolation; nothing like vegetation beyond the bottoms of the rivers; black mountains with wild-looking peaks and stony hills and plains fill the view. We are encamped in the midst of hemp.

January 9.—Marched very early. The wagons were six hours reaching the crossing; the road was very bad for sand and soft clay—perhaps half of it; the pioneers did much work, and straightened the trail much. The mules are weak, and their failing, flagging to-day, at ten miles, is very unpromising at this stage, with the dry barren stretch of a hundred miles before them; the grass, too, last night, I considered plenty and pretty good. I found in the great thicket of small willows "grass," but sapless and brittle to the very roots; I endeavored to have cottonwoods cut and brought to them, but it could not be done to-night; I, however, sent out forty men to gather the fruit called "tornia," of a variety of the mezquite; they brought in perhaps twelve or fifteen bushels, which was spread out on a hard part of the sand-bar for them; I have heard later of some grass a mile or two lower down, and have directed the drove sent there early in the morning.

The boats have not arrived; neither has the corporal sent after flour. If I have to make double marches at the 24, 32, and 20 miles distances, without water between here and the Cariza, my rations will not last to Warner's, unless the corporal bring up some of that left; of the last-mentioned twenty miles the half is sand, and it will make two days—the one a *hard* one.

There has been quite a gale of wind down the river. Francisco was sent across and set fire to the thickets beyond, which thus made a great conflagration; this Weaver highly recommended, as promising great assistance to the pioneer party which I shall send over in the morning to cut a road through the bottom thickets. Francisco says the river is deeper than when he passed before.

The Rio Colorado here resembles the Missouri in size and color of the water; it has immense bottoms difficult to pass; they are of rich soil.

I believe it to be the most useless of rivers to man; so barren, so desolate and difficult, that it has never been explored—running through volcanic mountains and sand deserts, at places through chasms of vertical rock perhaps 5,000 feet deep; the hapless wanderer, to its verge, is fam

ished for even a cup of its water, which is more tantalizing to his sight than was ever the mirage of eastern deserts. The rocks of these chasms, I am told, would fit together if restored to the union which has apparently once existed. It cannot be navigable far; this point is about sixty miles to tide, and about a hundred above its mouths.

At the first fountain of this river, in Oregon, the first dragoons encamped eighteen months ago.

January 10.—The mules were driven at daylight to tolerable grass in the river below. At 9 and 30' the ponton boats arrived; and, at 10 o'clock, three of the pack-mule party, with 420 pounds of flour; to this I added every pound I could spare of my own and the dragoons, which all makes fifteen or sixteen days at half a pound a day. The corporal and two other men were represented as remaining to hunt for the other deposits of provisions, and that they would not be "up for two days"—a singular notion. I immediately ordered the companies to cross as soon as possible, leaving only their empty wagons, mules, teamsters, and mule and cattle details; the empty wagons to be drawn over as early as possible in the morning. The wind blows again, and slow work is made at crossing; the ford leads far down; I sent Francisco, and several of the teamsters followed him afoot half across, to observe the route; it took his mule in places well up on the side.

The weather is said to be colder than known in many years.

It seems, by Weaver's account, that I have done injustice to this river's uses, &c.; he says it will admit of navigation by steamboats for three hundred and fifty miles from its mouth from April to September, and that the rich bottoms extend that high; it is probable that sugar-cane would flourish here; he says the Cochanos have rich fields as high up as I have named, where the cañons commence; he speaks of a very rich extensive bottom below that does not overflow.

The sick report now numbers ten.

Night.—The boat has made exceedingly slow work; but the battalion is crossing, and will continue at it, if necessary, all night; the moon will not rise before 2 o'clock. I have directed the sheep taken over at 5 o'clock in the morning, when the reveille will be sounded; then one load over after daylight will probably complete it. I have directed a man to ride each mule in the teams; the water will take them above half side.

The sheep, of which a hundred and thirty are still remaining, have done better of late than I expected a week or two ago, when a few were left every day; the cattle are very poor; there are ten left to us.

Talking with Dr. Foster, the interpreter, this evening, I for the first time became aware that I had all the time been laboring under a mistake as to the number of Mexican troops at Tucson; that they were about a hundred and thirty, instead of two hundred and thirty, as mentioned in a late official letter to Captain Turner.

January 11.—9 p. m.—With my mind full of anxiety, I force myself to the task of recording the deeds of the day. I am in camp at the "well," fifteen miles from the river; I made a firm resolve that here the battalion *should* come to-day; and, for these reasons, I had not rations or time, under the probable state of affairs in California, to spend *another* day beyond the river; and, as the mules must graze on the other side, and they must

pull the wagons over when they came, there would be but little less to do in a day—to-morrow than to-day.

The battalion were crossing, I believe, all night; I heard them until 2 and 30'; but the matter, very difficult indeed in the wide swift river with two wagon beds, was slowly and very badly managed. The first difficulty I encountered this morning was that, instead of the "boat" being in readiness to cross the sheep at reveille, at 5 o'clock, as ordered, it was not over, from before that hour, until a quarter before 7 o'clock; then I had all the baggage of the field and staff taken down in ten minutes time, and it was taken over, (and ten men beside.)

I was told then by the adjutant that many loads of company property had still to be taken over; (the trips had averaged an hour and a half;) and on all sides the idea of the impossibility of making the set day's journey was conveyed to me. I told the adjutant that *no more* of the company property should come in the boat; that the sheep only should be brought; the baggage was then put in wagons; the mules had been then driven up at daylight, and I got the wagons started at 8 o'clock.

The river was a mile over in the course of the ford, and in several channels hundreds of yards across. It runs swiftly at least four feet deep. In fact, occasionally it swam a small mule. About 9, I got up to the bank opposite the old camp. Here, in high willows which concealed everything, I found everything doubly confused; tents standing, every man doing what suited—some eating, some cooking. The time was passing fast—I hurried all. I then saw a wagon, the only one of company "C," standing in the water half-way across, with the mules taken out, and nothing apparently doing. Half an hour after, a lieutenant of the company reached me with a report that they were stuck, &c., and could not get out. I told him they were not trying; that they had had the same opportunities as the other companies to get baggage over; (the boat had been used turn about;) and that I saw the other wagons get over easily, and even with *men in them*; (that was an abuse that vexed me exceedingly;) that I should march immediately, and could not help them. Meanwhile, the boat came half loaded with men and baggage, (contrary to my orders,) and with less than a third of the sheep, and instantly the crew disappeared, and no one claimed or unloaded the baggage. My orderly threw it out, and I almost forced the men in the boat to take it back. They spent half an hour in water deeper than they could reach with their ten feet poles. So bad seemed the chance of getting over more than one more load, that I sent word by them to Mr. Smith that he should bring over the boat full of the best sheep, and that the rest might be abandoned if they could not swim. (The river had an inch of ice in calm places, and quite a number of mules fell and were drowned, owing to weakness, as we came over.) Then, at 10 o'clock, I forced off the command to march fifteen miles of a bad road, leaving a company in the river, and two-thirds of the sheep on the other side. I knew these last were in good hands, and also that the company would then be excited to do their best. The first mile was ascending, and through deep sand; the mules pinched with cold and sullen; the tar on the wheels stiff with cold. The *prospect* of getting to this camp was almost desperate. I gave orders that when mules failed, the company commanders should first take all the private animals belonging to individuals, excepting those having wives; and then, if necessary, that is, *highly advisable*,

to anticipate the same thing I had determined on to be done *here*—to leave one of their wagons on the road. (Two were thus left.) I rode on, and stopped all pack and loose animals at a fine quantity of mezquite and “tornia,” which had fallen to the ground, until all the wagons had passed. The fires which Francisco the day before yesterday, and Weaver yesterday, with the pioneer party, had made, raged around us, and within a few feet. I sent ahead twenty men to collect mezquite beans, believing that the wagons would arrive after dark. I knew there was no grass. I arrived here at 4 o'clock, and was met a few hundred yards off by a man, who told me “there was not a drop of water.” Instantly the twenty-four miles to the next water-hole, where the prospect was worse, and the thirty-two, still further, to the *Salt lake*, were in my mind to fright me for the three hundred and sixty persons who go confidently where I point the way. I found Lieutenant Oman digging most energetically with his pioneers, as I had directed, not only at the old well, but they had commenced another. Soon, in the first, they struck damp sand, and so on to water. When the quicksands were entered, it caved in so as to render it impossible to make the hole more than two or three inches deep. Many expedients were discussed; it was concluded that our only hope was in a *wash-tub* belonging to a captain, who has a wife. The new well progressed slowly through hard clay. The first wagons came at sunset; at dusk the tub arrived. Lieutenant Oman reported to me, to my utter astonishment, that they were unwilling to give up that valuable article; (almost our lives depending on it, it seemed to me.) I had it taken. The well, after a long time, seemed to work pretty well and promisingly. Then again it failed, and I had the tub taken up, and the bottom, which had been bored, knocked out; then it worked better. It was late, however, and anxious expectants for cooking and drinking water thronged the hole. I was seated in my tent, consulting with the guides, when Lieutenant Oman suddenly reported that the well had failed worse than ever.

My doubts seemed converted to the certainty of evil and disaster. I then learned that the company I had left was encamped six miles back, their team having given out. So much for their wretched management in bringing their wagon loaded, &c.

I sent for Weaver to inquire of the road long ago anticipated for the command to follow—the river some sixty miles down; he came, and so represented the country as to give scarce a *hope* of its practicability under our circumstances. Once more I went to the well, and ordered a fresh detail to be put to the new one; they had found, in ten feet, only muddy clay, and its upper surface was two feet lower than that of the old one, which is about nine or ten feet deep. I then, as I said with a mind full of trouble, sat down to write. In half an hour, Lieutenant Oman came and reported, in the new well, he had “come to plenty of water that could be dipped with a camp kettle.”

It threw a radiant glow of light over all the gloom which was settling deeply on every avenue where hope had lingered. I am writing with only an effort to suppress feeling; it must be remembered that this well failing, what had I to expect of the next, which I know to be dry now, and not like this, deriving its supply from a great river, and to be reached after going without water for a night and two days, in addition to this hard day;

and the next hope, three almost of our average days' journey, still further on, and *behind, starvation and failure.*

My faith had not failed; for, at the worst, I gave orders for a beef to be killed at daylight and cooked before 10 o'clock, and other preparations for a night without water. The sheep were all got over.

I think I shall send Mr. Oman, to whose energetic industry I am much indebted, through to the next well to-morrow, to dig in anticipation of our arrival next day. Many mules gave out to-day, and, at best, our prospect is bad; there is not only so little water, but so very little for the poor animals to *eat*. I had about five bushels of the mezquite "tornia" collected yesterday by each company and brought here.

I found here, on the high bank above the well, stuck on a pole, "No water; January 2.—Charboneaux." This fills me with fearfulness not only for the full success of my party, but almost for their safety, for they had rode their tired animals hard so far, were disappointed for water here, and would be for fifty-seven miles further.

It is half-past 10 o'clock. I have just ordered a party of twelve well-armed picked men, under Lieutenant Oman, with a guide, to go through to the Alamo Inoctro well to-morrow, to dig and prepare for us; also a picket guard posted up the trail, for here parties are most apt to arrive at a watering place at night; and all the guard to-night, as generally heretofore, is employed in herding the mules.

Eighteen hours of increasing labor has been my lot to-day, of anxiety, enough to turn one gray. I knew the battalion *could* be brought here to-day in season; and they were brought and encamped before dark, it seemed, in spite of themselves.

January 12.—The company came up about 10 o'clock. The mules, after being fed with mezquite beans and watered last night, were driven about by the guard to the mezquite groves, where they ate the fallen leaves and browsed.

About 9 o'clock this morning, I commenced watering, intending to march at eleven. The well was replenished rather slowly; and at 11 and 30' I marched with three companies, whose mules had been watered, leaving two, which I had commenced, with orders to follow as soon as it was well done. Mr. Smith remained also to water the sheep and bees. The sheep, he tells me, drank twenty-five buckets of water; there are 128.

It has fortunately been cloudy; for the weather yesterday and to-day, when the sun shone, was a moderate summer heat.

The ascent to the bluff, a tolerably long hill of impalpable sand, was very severe, but with the help of the men the wagons were soon up. I left two wagons in the camp; there are now one to each company, and two others; *one* is quite sufficient for all the load of a company; and it is a great risk of losing all to attempt to take through empty wagons; they can easily be sent for with fresh mules.

At 4 o'clock, I came up to the pioneers' guard and guides; they had stopped where they found Appolonius at the grass, and which he and Francisco both believe to be more than half-way to the Alamo Inoctro, or well, which the General wrote me was twenty-four miles; but I thought I had only come ten miles. But, everything considered, I encamped the foremost wagon nearly an hour to sunset, but the last *after*. On a wilderness of sand, strewed and mixed with small stones and gravel, we see

everywhere, covering a tenth of the surface, little bunches of straw colored grass; it is a summer grass, produced by a rain, and dead enough, but the mules eat it with the eagerness of starvation; this desert, so far, has but one other vegetable production, a tall slim bush, called by the Mexicans "stinking wood." There is one other nondescript, a small strange shrub, which grows into a pear-shaped basket frame, the stems or branches all uniting as if tied above. About eighty miles to the west is seen a range of mountains, which we cross; the bushes furnish a small fire for making tea and frying meat.

January 13.—I marched at sunrise; it is impossible, it seems, to get in motion earlier, as the mules cannot be distinguished and harnessed in darkness. I found a mile and a half of bad sand, and the dry grass thicker there than where I stopped; thus, to anticipate Francisco and Apolonius, were an injury to me, for, in consequence of their reports, I stopped before sundown, and a mile *short* of half way. The clouds disappeared at 10 o'clock, and it turned out the hottest day we have had. I have seen as cold sunny days at Fort Gibson in June. The road was very sandy, and crooked too.

The advance party got here at sundown yesterday, and I found that they had much improved one of the wells, and had dug a third. The company wagons reached here at 2 o'clock, having come the thirteen miles in seven hours; two staff wagons arrived nearly two hours after, and it was evident that they could not go on through the desert; for here there is nothing for them to eat but a little scattered mezquite, which has not borne fruit; the water is very bad and warm, and the supply is scanty and slow; and *now*, after eight hours, the watering is still going on; the poor animals after drinking seemed unsatisfied, and had to be driven away toward the green bushes, on which they might browse.

After consultation and much reflection, I have directed two wagons to be left, of the two smallest companies, taking a large part of their *team* mules to make out the hospital wagon team, and one for the field and staff-officers, dragoons, and servants, directing the personal baggage of the six officers of these two companies to be carried in the wagons of the other three companies. I have strong hopes of meeting a relief of mules in a day or two; they should be here if they were obtained within a day of Warner's. I am relieved of some apprehension for the party, by finding water here which they could use; but their not returning begins to be alarming otherwise. We have for a day or two been surrounded by smokes—made, too, some of them, at a small distance. *Very* fresh tracks of two horses were seen here yesterday. I have consulted Weaver on the subject; he believes that they can only be Indians.

Weaver and Francisco agree that the *usual* old trail by the "Poza Houdo" is the shortest by several miles; that it is the best road; that the water there is better to depend on than the Salt lake—its sweet quality considered; and that it divides the distance more equally to the Cariza. Weaver thinks it from five to seven miles nearer than the Salt lake. So I have determined to take that route, and send Lieutenant Stoneman, Weaver, and twenty-five armed men to go through to-morrow, and prepare it for our coming.

They say there is good mezquite rather more than half-way, so I shall leave about 11 o'clock to-morrow.

I am by no means sure that it would not be the safest plan to abandon all the wagons here.

The corporal and two men who acted so foolishly in remaining back to hunt further, after finding and sending to me all the rations I needed, have not come up, and possibly never will. He went back *at all* (more than five miles) on his own responsibility, on receiving the note of information written by the interpreter, Dr. Foster. A man of A company has been missing since we left the river; it is believed he remained to be of assistance to these men, to one or more of whom he was very friendly. I have caused a detail of men to work constantly at the wells, in giving water to all animals that come up, night and day.

January 14.—I had the mules driven in at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, and ordered the wagon-mules first watered. Mules had been watered, however, as they came up, for the 20 hours. Lieutenant Stoneman *sent* off his party of twenty-five men before sunrise, following more than half an hour after. Long after that, Francisco reported that he, Weaver, and the advance party had all taken the wrong road, and his own mule was missing; so he went afoot to set them right. Afterward, he sent back Appolonius, who went with Weaver, and was to have been left in the best mezquite more than half-way to the well, to guide us by their tracks—Francisco going on to guide them.

When the wagons were ready, at 11 o'clock, Appolonius was missing, hunting a mule. I marched then, leaving many mules waiting the slow flow of water into the wells, to be watered. The first mile or two was bad sand, then we descended to a clay flat. I stopped at some mezquite with many fallen leaves and had the pack-animals fed there until many of the company wagons had passed. Then for several miles there was a little sand blown from the hills which were near. Afterward the trail led me over a great flat of baked clay, over which a sheet of water had evidently stood, or gently flowed toward the south; there are miles square of it without a bush or weed; in many places the mules scarcely made a track. I did not overtake the advance guard until 6 o'clock, dark, when I found them here, on the edge of a mezquite thicket, where one of the advance party had been left to point out the place. A mile back I fell into a vast trail of ten thousand mule or horse tracks—herds driven in the last few months to Sonora. Our trail was lost in them, and I had several fires built to mark its course.

The wagons commenced arriving at 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. The march was about seventeen miles. I fear there is very poor food here for the mules. The mezquite leaves seem not to have fallen to much extent; the poor animals are eating dry weeds and sticks. The weather is quite warm, but fortunately there were clouds which nearly all the day veiled the mules from the fiery sunshine.

I saw large quantities of sea-shells—some perfect; the ground has evidently been the bottom of the gulf, which has now receded a hundred miles. The salt on this plain confirms the idea.

January 15.—I marched before sunrise. The mountains to our left

and front were mingled with clouds; the rising sun painted all with bright and varied hues, and then we saw the distinct colors of a rainbow, its extremity an orange red, and violet spot in the midst; an omen of promise, which only before have we seen in the *other* desert of Tueson.

The road was the same flat clay plain, and much to our surprise, seven or eight miles brought us to the Pozo Hondo. As I approached it, Major Cloud met me with letters. Tesson had brought mules and cattle. The pleasure of this great relief was sadly changed to the most sorrowful feelings, on hearing of our great loss in action, of Captains Moore and Johnston, and twenty-one dragoons. Then was genuine grief shown by all who knew them; our difficult and straightened circumstances were lost sight of for the time.

What a loss to my regiment! Ah, who but loved Johnston—the noble, sterling, valued Johnston! And who had warmer friends than poor Moore! Peace to their ashes! Rest their souls! May their country honor the memories of its heroic champions, who, serving her, have found their graves in distant and desolate regions!

A weight was taken off my mind, and that of others, on hearing of the General's safety, though twice wounded; slightly, it is reported, and we trust truly.

The first report to me was, that there was "plenty" of water; but I soon discovered that it was a woful mistake; there was not enough for the men. It was half-past 10 o'clock. I immediately ordered the water *issued* by measure; a fat beef killed; food cooked; the wild mules caught and harnessed; the march to be continued at 1 o'clock, as far as the reported grass, and then, after a rest, to be resumed for the Cariza. (The Salt lake is now dry.)

Tesson started with fifty-seven mules—thirty-three as wild as tigers; he lost twenty-two. The guide, Leroux, did badly in sending Tesson only, and with mules and cattle together, and we have suffered for it; it took two or three hours hard work to catch and harness these terrible mules; one broke away (and ran off in harness) from three picked men.

The first wagons with the new-broken mules got here at dark; now (8 and 30') one company has not arrived. We came eleven miles; I have ordered the mules kept tied up in harness, and the bunch grass cut for them, (there is very little of it;) the pack-mules to be kept *saddled*; and the march to be resumed at 2 o'clock. Besides being nearly starved, our old mules have had no water since yesterday morning; the men, too, are without it; it is necessary to go on in the coolness of the night speedily, to end this terrible state of things; the ten miles of much dreaded *sand* is before us.

January 16.—The last worst desert is passed in safety, but with great suffering. I marched this morning at 2 o'clock exactly, believing it only ten or twelve miles, and a much worse road than I found it. I had a large advance guard and all the guides on duty, telling Weaver to keep the foremost wagon in sight; it was a star-light night. Four miles from our bivouac I halted till all passed, and found that even then a team or two had apparently given out. I gave various orders of relief, transferred mules, &c.; toward daylight it was exceedingly cold, too much so to ride; then the guides got lost, and, by their not obeying strictly my orders, the

wagons lost at least a mile, and over bad road; here the new teams seemed almost exhausted; two companies had each lost a set of harness—accidents by the new mules. I managed to procure others; I found the road was about to prove very much longer than I had been led to believe, and had great misgivings. About 10 o'clock, as usual, it became of summer heat. Finally, near eleven, I reached with the foremost wagon the first water of the Cariza; a clear running stream gladdened our eye after the anxious dependence upon muddy wells for five or six days. One company, which was late in marching, and met with an accident, was so much thrown into the *heat of the day* that the mules entirely failed several miles off, and a new team had to be sent, and it arrived at sunset. I found the march, with the deviation, nineteen miles; thus, without water for near three days (for the animals,) and encamping two nights in succession without water, the battalion made, in forty-eight hours, *four marches* of eighteen, eight, eleven, and nineteen miles, suffering from frost and from summer heat. Fortunately, we found the ground to-day, ascending the dry creek bed, a tolerably good road. It is now evident that the march from the Alamo Morder well here, fifty-six miles, could not have been made in any other way—that is, the push of eighteen miles the afternoon and evening of the first day, the rest, refreshment of meat, and *drink of water* during the heat of the following day; then the evening and night march to grass; and then, after a few hours rest, the march five hours before sunrise, when the extreme cold braced all and postponed the torture of thirst. The sheep got within a mile of camp last night, and to-night I fear are many miles back. I had a ration of two and a half pounds each of fat beef issued to-day on our arrival. We have contented ourselves to-day with a solitary meal; breakfast at 1 or 2 o'clock.

The dry grass here is as salt as brine; I had all the flag grass cut for the mules; there was very little, and succeeded in finding some bunch grass, where the poor animals are now grazing. The loss of mules appears to be sixteen in the two days; our greatest assistance, besides the beef, was in twenty-two of the General's old mules, which were watered yesterday, before my arrival, to clean out the well, (and it was not replaced.) The wild ones would not drink out of buckets, and, indeed, some of our mules went two or three days without water before they would thus drink. Nine Mexicans have overtaken us here; to two principal ones I gave permission at Tueson to follow me; I believe they are poor men seeking to better themselves by moving to California; they are nearly starved; have been living on our dead mules, &c. I have directed that two sheep be given to them; *they met* my foolish corporal and two men going up the Gila for rations; at the crossing of the Colorado they were a day behind us, and met a large war-party of Indians. One of the Mexicans left Tueson eight days after me, but brings no news; he says the military did not return for three or four days after my departure.

I should rest here to-morrow, if there were pasture, considering the hard day the guides represent to be before me—fifteen miles of very sandy road. I have determined to undertake it with a very early start, as they say there is good grass for the rest camps. A *great number* of my men are wholly without shoes, and use every expedient—such as rawhide moccasins and sandals, and even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth.

January 17.—With reveille, at 5 o'clock this morning, I found that, after light, many of the mules, particularly the wild ones, had escaped the guard. Thus the march was delayed until 9 o'clock; all the mules were believed to be recovered except six, which came forward; I sent the Indians and got them during the march.

The road was very deep with sand, and the forenoon very hot, but the teams reached the Palm springs between 12 and 1 o'clock; and there being no grass, I determined to continue the march to Bajiocito; the first wagon arrived just at dark, the others much later; the road, not quite so deep with sand, was much more broken, and obstructed with great lumps of mezcal. Altogether, it is the worst fifteen miles of road since we left the Rio Grande, and that it was accomplished, under all the circumstances, by mules or men; is extraordinary. The men arrived here completely worn down; they staggered as they marched, as they did the day before. Eleven mules, and perhaps a few more, were left on the road; the sheep came up this morning before we marched, but are not up to-night. A half ration of pork has been issued. We have been passing up the winding bed of a dry mountain stream, or rain weather torrent between mountains, utterly barren, looking of the color of ashes; between them are great mounds of clay and sand, sometimes conglomerated with stone and pebbles; these are utterly bare and water-washed. At the Cariza, a fine clear stream gushes out from steep embankments before it disappears in the sand.

Seven miles above, the narrow valley has a bank, from which it is soaked with good water, and forms a few small springs; and there are twenty or thirty palm trees—the first I ever saw.

Here, at the Bajiocito, is a wet flat valley, a mile or more in extent, where grow, besides grass, a few small willows; thus we are nearly without fuel. The grass, which is plentiful, I fear is very poor, as the mules are straggling on the broken ground around.

The night is cloudy, the wind high and cold.

We met an Indian below, who stated the General had captured the Pueblo, with considerable loss of men. It is evident that I could not have brought the two other wagons left at the Alamo Morter wells with the relief received; and equally evident that, if the mules had been sent to me by a careful person, without delay and loss, that they would have reached me there, and that the two wagons could have been brought. The beef cattle sent *separately* would have reached in ample time; and, in fact, they were not absolutely necessary.

But for the Providential clouds and cool wind this afternoon, the mules could not, probably, have performed the day's march. It is astonishing to consider what the wild young mules performed and endured, driven thirty miles to meet me, then next day, in its heat, to go through the terrible process of being broken to harness; two hours of the most violent possible exertions; (I saw one, at least, which *a second time* thrown, lay panting and motionless;) then, to draw wagons two marches, and thus, without food, to arrive the third day without water.

January 18.—Same camp at Bajiocito.

Some of the men did not find strength to reach camp until daylight this morning. The sheep did not come up until after mid-day. They

stopped for the night at the palms; a number were left on the road. I went through the companies this morning; they were eating their last 4 ounces of flour. I had beeves killed, and double ration issued early.

The battalion should have eight days' half-rations of flour, by a close account and calculation which I have kept up; and according to the actual quantity on the second December, to that date there had been an equal loss or wastage of eight days. Of sugar and coffee, there has been none for some weeks. Of pork, there should be six days', (at eight ounces,) but there is not much, and I have directed that it should be used with the beef at discretion. I have eighty-eight sheep left, and four of the beeves which I brought from the Rio Grande. With the new beeves, altogether, I have five days' (double) rations of fresh meat. I have five public wagons, and there are three private property. One of those came up late to-day.

I sent back this morning early for mules left within six miles; five were brought up. The party of emigrants from Sonora brought up three good mules which were lost the night before last. These men I keep from starvation; I have given them two more sheep this evening.

The Indian alcalde of San Phillippi brought me to-day a letter, written three days ago by Mr. Montgomery, commander of ship Portsmouth, and governor of San Diego. He writes me that my party arrived the 14th instant; welcomes my approach, and promises refreshment, &c., for the battalion; states he has had credible reports of the General's establishing his camp on the river of the Pueblo, after two day's engagement with artillery, (whilst constantly advancing,) and warns me that several leaders of the Californians who, having broken their parole, are expected to attempt to march for Sonora by this route; says the character of the Californians has been underrated as military men, &c.

I presented the alcalde with a small looking-glass of my own, (having nothing else to give him;) he asked me not to let the other Indians know he had brought the letter, &c. I told him he must look to the Americans hereafter as the rulers of this country, and as his friends; and that he should send me speedy information by by-paths of the vicinity or approach of any body of the Californians; that he should have them watched from the mountains, &c.

He, and his interpreter also, a San Phillipian Indian, are fine-looking men, nearly naked, hair long, and face painted with red spots. Their language seemed bad, somewhat resembling that of the Apaches. I have had a company inspection and a "dress" parade this evening, and have made arrangements and given orders for a regular march to-morrow with military precautions. We have yet hopes of striking a blow.

The men, who this morning were prostrate, worn out, hungry, and heartless, have recovered their spirits to-night, and are singing and playing the fiddle.

January 19.—Again, this morning, many of the mules were astray; it is almost imposible to keep our new mules from going on whence they came. Owing to this, the march was delayed until 9 o'clock; the companies marched in front of the baggage, which was placed under the charge of the acting assistant quartermaster. There were pioneers and advance guard of twenty privates, with orders not to go more than a half

mile in advance. The guides had told me it was a good firm road, with a very *narrow* cañon for a short distance, but that a Mr. Ward's wagon from Sonora had passed it, and no doubt we could, &c. After coming three or four miles up hill, and much of it coarse sand, I found that the guides, with the pioneers, &c., had stopped, and seemed to be doing nothing; there was a rugged mountain, with a gap, in our front, some two hundred feet high. Weaver very coolly turned to me, and remarked that he believed we were penned up. "Ah!" I replied "then you never saw this mountain before I suppose. I have heard nothing of it; find a crossing, or I shall send a company of my men who will soon do it." With much active work, I got the wagons over in about an hour and a half; then, up a mountain torrent bed, I came to the cañon, and found it much worse than I expected—there were many rocks to cross, &c., but the worst was the *narrow pass*, besides the crookedness of hard high rocks. Setting an example myself, there was much labor done on it before the wagons came—that is, with axes, we found it broke and split, and we hewed the rocks to increase the opening. I thought it was all safe before the wagons came, and went on a short distance and found a hill to be ascended, to avoid a still narrower cañon, with a great rock to be broken to pieces with our axes before it was practicable; much work was done here. When the trial was made with the mules—all taken out—I found that there was at least a foot of solid rock too much. The wagon was run back, more work was done, the trial repeated, until the wagon was so wedged that it could with difficulty be got either way. The sun was now only an hour high, and it was six or seven miles to the first water. I had the body lifted off and carried forward, the running-gear uncoupled, and turned one wheel up, and thus taken through. Meanwhile, we still cut and hewed at the mountain side; the next wagon's body was brought through, and the running-gear run through with difficulty, and by lifting up one side somewhat; then the hospital wagon, being a small one, came through without mules, but all standing. I then pushed on and saw the wagons up the very steep hill, and down to the cañon again, and learn that, with much more persevering labor on the place, the other wagons were brought through with load and mules in.

Then we ascended the sandy stream to the mountain top; at sunset, as I overtook the guide and advance, Francisco met us and pointed to a ridge a mile or two in front, and said it was very bad, and he believed we could not see to work and pass it to-night; and, as there was grass here, he had returned to tell me.

Weaver called it five or six miles to San Phillippi; I sent on the pioneers and advance guard, and told the officer to fire a gun if we could pass it, and I awaited the coming of the wagons; at dusk they came, and hearing no report, I encamped.

We are not only without water, but are entirely unprepared for it. I believe the grass (dry enough) is better than any we have had since we left the last gamma grass—one march east of Tueson.

I have ordered the wild mules hobbled, and the guard to enclose them all, and move at every relief. I had a beef killed for supper; broiled beef created very little thirst. I have ordered the march to be renewed at reveille, to breakfast at the watering place. The road from the Colorado is by far the most difficult of all.

I sent the advance guard through the defile before commencing work to-day.

The weather last night was exceedingly cold, very thick ice forming. The water at the Bajiocito is very disagreeable to the taste; it has probably valuable curative properties, serving to act upon the liver and as a gentle aperient.

January 20.—Another very cold night, and very little fuel; some of the mules again escaped and came forward. I marched before sunrise, and was soon at the rocky hill, which was very bad; but, by using ropes, the wagons were got over in about an hour. There was an excellent descending road five or six miles to "San Phillipi," the site of a deserted small Indian village. I arrived at about 11 o'clock, turned the mules out to graze, and killed two of the small poor beeves for breakfast; (there is nothing else in camp.) Charboneaux met me here; he left San Diego on the 17th; no further news; no orders for me had been received. Mr. Hall and Leroux were kept there by the governor of the town, who believed the road unsafe; so there is little or no likelihood of communication being soon opened with the General through messengers. Charboneaux says there is very little flour at San Diego. I sent forward three Indians from the noon halt to Warner, telling him to send eighteen cattle to meet me to-morrow at the creek, some seven miles on the road from Warner's to San Diego; expecting myself to turn and encamp there, not going nearer than within seven miles of Warner's ranche. Charboneaux represents it as above five days—some very hard—to San Diego, from *this camp*, by taking that left hand road; he says the best road is by San Pascual, *but he did not go it or come by it.*

At 2 and 15', I marched up the pass seven miles to this ground, where there is good water; but I am disappointed in finding grass very scanty. The camp was made at dark. On the march, in an open prairie, I gave the battalion a short drill whilst the wagons were closing up.

During the march, I considered the subject of the military propriety of my changing my course from San Diego to the Pueblo. These views presented themselves to my mind, *considering myself under orders for San Diego.* The orders were given at a time when it was impossible to know the wants of the service, the circumstances of the country, &c., and evidently because it was believed that the road would take me there—the most practicable road. The General has been there, and left it for a point higher up; he must have left it pacified or quiet, (as is reported to me,) and the place is in our full possession, and commanded from the sea. I have information that the enemy's forces are concentrated at the Pueblo, which is attacked or menaced, by Lieutenant Colonel Frémont, from the north, and the General from the south. If I march there, I approach from the eastern outlet, thus hemming in—almost surrounding—the enemy; or, at best, menacing him from a third quarter; and I approach on the highway, the only one perhaps of his escape to Sonora, or by which he might drive off or secure his plunder of horses, &c. I march through a part of the country not yet passed over by any of our forces, and represented to me as the most disaffected, and possessed by our richest and most influential enemies; and from that district it is said come a very large Indian force, employed by, and probably forced into the service of the enemy. I may communicate with them, or at least, by my pres-

ence, undermine this prop of the enemy's power and dependance. The General has *very few* land forces proper with him. Mr. Montgomery *said* he needed infantry much. The General will evidently need a garrison for the Pueblo, which is not commanded from the sea; the sailors and marines are not suitable, and are probably needed in their proper sphere. His *few* dragoons he will absolutely require for the most active *field service*. I know that *no* orders have been left, or received, at San Diego for me. I have just received a messenger from there. I have others there, who are to bring them to me promptly, if received. I sent to inform the General that I should be at Warner's to-morrow, that I might receive orders; he has probably not yet received my communication. My messengers, three days ago, were detained at San Diego. I ascertained that there is a wagon road to the Pueblo, by which I can reach there almost as soon as to San Diego; and, finally, Captain Montgomery writes me, January 15, it is generally believed that parties of Californians, headed by leaders who have violated their paroles, will endeavor to effect a retreat to Sonora rather than submit to our arms, &c. It thus appears to me that it does not admit of further question. I have ordered Charbonneau and some Indians to go very early and stop the cattle from being sent as before required, and to collect at Warner's all the mules belonging to the public, including those which have escaped from me and gone to San Isabel. One of the five adventurers after the lost flour came up this evening; reports all safe, but broken down at the Bajiocita, nineteen or twenty miles back, with above 400 pounds of flour. I have directed two of my extra guides to go there on stout mules, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and assist them up to Warner's with the flour, which, though little, will be vastly welcome to men entirely without. Captain Hunt now says, he believes that the two men who stopped at the Red river to await the others may have misunderstood him as giving them permission.

I have directed the acting assistant quartermaster to make arrangements to leave at the San Isabel ranche some thirty or forty worn down mules; also, to endeavor to send for the wagons left.

January 21.—A cold cloudy morning, threatening snow. I found the path over the mountain smooth and not difficult; the path—now a road—winds amid a forest of large evergreen oaks. Cold as it was, the fresh deep green grass was springing everywhere from the ground. This mountain divides the waters of the Colorado and the gulf from those which run directly west to the ocean; the higher ridges are crowned with pines, and we saw some snow amongst them. From the top, a smooth prairie valley (of the San Luis) opened to the view, but everywhere closely hemmed by mountains. I descended rapidly to the lower slopes, and there drilled my battalion again whilst the baggage closed up.

An Indian, sent by some one, showed me a better wagon road than that of the advance guard and pioneers, which I took, and encamped in the valley, a few hundred yards below Mr. Warner's house. Mr. Warner is here, and I have had much conversation with him; he has detailed very much of the course of events before and since the insurrection. My best information places General Kearny in the capital, which the Californians evacuated the night of the 9th instant; that these then marched to attack

Frémont, who is said to have been, about the 6th instant, within eighty-five miles of the Pueblo; and, finally, that it was the General's intention to pursue from the Pueblo on the 11th. My only conclusion is, that the enemy, if successful at least in escaping disaster, may yet be in force, and likely to encounter me; or else, if broken, that a portion will yet take this road to escape to Sonora. They may, if they choose, evade me beyond this except at certain points.

Chaboneaux has not returned from San Isabel. I find here some thirty or more cattle—cows and calves principally—which the San Luis Indians have driven from the farms of some ten or eleven Californians who were captured by the Indians below, and brought here and put to death. It is said that these men were *about* to make their submission. Mr. Warner says, they have several hundred more, besides wild mares, at a valley fifteen miles distant, and wishes me to have the whole taken, and, if not used, put in safety; he also wishes much to get rid of these Indians, who, he says, have nearly ruined him. I have told Antonio, a chief, that I wish him to pick twenty of the Indians to accompany me to the Pueblo, to assist in cattle guarding, driving, and to act as scouts, &c.; he assented. It appears that lately these Indians, attacking a few Californians in the valley of Temecala, were drawn by them into an ambush of Indians of a connected tribe, and thirty-eight slain. He said that several hundred of them from here, and lower down, wished to go with me as far as that valley to bury there their dead. I assented, on condition that they drove there the cattle before mentioned. I told him to send out a party of five or six to watch a pass in the road twelve miles from here; he has sent them.

I consider it absolutely necessary to rest here to-morrow, not only on account of the weak and exhausted condition of the men, but to carry out my objects of collecting the General's mules (and my strays at San Isabel,) and also to enable the party with the flour to overtake me. The men are weak for want of food; I have issued two and a half pounds of meat, but it is poor, and the proportion of bone is great. I shall commence to-morrow an issue of four pounds, and reduce it *if they do not eat it*, which I shall ascertain.

January 22.—11 o'clock, a. m. A fine April morning for Missouri or Virginia; a frost, however, and a *very cold night*. This is a beautiful little valley, shut in by mountains or high hills on every side—the former are nearly covered with green shrubs, amongst which the rocks show themselves, and are crowned with pine and cedar; the latter with oak, and other evergreens, and excellent grass. The grass is just up, and the country looks verdant. Some large cottonwoods are leafless, but the miseltoe has lent them a green drapery.

The name Agua Caliente comes from a bold spring, which issues from fissures in the rock at the temperature of about 170° Fahrenheit; it runs clear and freely, and now sends up clouds of steam for a half a mile below. The little oval valley here, a mile or more in length, is a smooth, symmetrical, gently convex surface; in the centre is an immemorial evergreen oak, whose boughs reach within five feet of the ground in a circle, forming an arbor of ninety feet diameter.

Charboneaux has not yet returned from San Isabel with the mules. I

have Indians out with orders to drive up every animal on the ranche; there are four of the General's mules said to be among them; and I have directed Mr. Smith to procure *beeves* of Warner; he will exchange some sheep for them; we have about eighty, but poor. I shall probably be able to procure two fanegas of wheat to issue as rations.

Warner, the Connecticut man turned California proprietor, is quite a study; he exhibits traits of either character which may be considered the opposites of our northern continent.

The Indians have driven up late a number of mules. Charboneaux returned this evening, leaving others to do his business; and they have only brought three, of six or seven mules, from San Isabel. "Bill," the overseer, came with him; and Mr. Stoneman has bargained with him to send for five wagons—the two nearest costing twenty dollars each; he also takes charge of twenty-four of my broken down mules.

Mr. Smith has obtained of Warner twenty-two beef cattle in good order; he gave four sheep for one—a small balance in money being due.

Corporal Muir has not come with the flour, and it is after night. The Indians here, in cold nights, sleep in the stream, lying with their heads ashore.

I bathed to-day (as most others) in the open air, although it was somewhat cloudy.

January 23.—I marched very early; before, however, I saw Banpista, an influential chief of the Cahuillos, a nation of perhaps two thousand men. A somewhat independent band of his nation lately defeated and slew thirty-eight of the San Luis tribe, who were pursuing the Californians. I told him that I regretted that any part of his nation should have taken so unwise a course in favor of the Californians, who would now abandon them; that, if reports were true, the war was nearly over, and I wished him only to stop any attempt to drive horses, mules, and cattle out of the country; that I advised him to settle his people to their usual pursuits for a regular livelihood; that the Americans were pouring in from every quarter, and would forever govern the country; that they were his friends, and were accustomed to do much for the improvement and aid of Indians who were well-behaved and obedient.

Antonio was one of the interpreters. I told him to tell his people to settle down and be more quiet, and to drive in all the captured horses, &c., to Warner, whom I had commanded to take care of them until disposed of by the General.

Antonio then accompanied me with ten Indians; he is guide until I get into the valley of Temecala, Weaver having never followed that part of the cart road.

I found the road pretty good, hilly, with some steep places—particularly one we came down. I have attempted to march to the Pueblo in six days, so I could not stop at the Indian village twelve miles from the Agua Caliente, and come on to this first good ground, with water, six or seven miles further. I encamped rather before sundown. It commenced raining pretty freely before 4 o'clock, and has continued several hours. The beef for supper is only now getting into the hands of the men at 7 and 30'; four or five beeves are killed for a ration. Mr. Warner joined me about mid-day, and is now in camp; what his object is I know not.

Just at dark, Corporal Muir and his party arrived with the flour, *shipwrecked* a third of the way up the Gila. I blamed him for going so far, and staying so long—not coming with the first half which he discovered and sent to me.

He said he did not dare to come without it, and would have expected to have been sent back if he had. There are many of a large bush or tree which we first observed beyond San Bernadino, with polished brass-colored limbs, and a small pale green leaf—it is now in blossom. It is a pretty bush, called, I believe in Spanish, the *agre*. There are others new to us. Very little grass to be seen to-day, and the country here is a mere pass amongst broken mountains and stony hills.

January 24.—8 o'clock, *p. m.*—From 4 p. m., yesterday, until the same hour to-day, it has rained hard almost incessantly. Last night, the rain was accompanied with high winds, which prostrated *all* of our few tents. In this storm and darkness, the poor mules and cattle passed generally the line of sentinels and strayed, and I have found Antonio and his ten mountain Indians of good service—they soon drove them back to camp, except five or six, which may still be missing; *four* died. With very scant fuel, the ill-clad battalion must have suffered much. My camp was a bare one, exposed to a great draught of wind between the gap of the mountains. I heard of this better spot of brush and trees for shelter three or four miles on; and, at 11 o'clock, when the sun was out a short time, marched. The road was very heavy, but I reached here about 1 o'clock and encamped; the advance guard and pioneers went nearly a mile further, and worked at a spot which they reported would have been impassable in the then state of the road, as was, also, this mountain torrent, *now* roaring behind my camp. It continued to rain hard until near sunset, when happily it cleared up. This is comparatively a warm spot, but the grass is very poor, though enough of it.

The loads must have been much heavier to-day; every blanket was saturated.

Thus, my good beginning to reach the Pueblo in six days, from Warner's, has been defeated at least one day. I trust the matter may not be worse, and that the storm is over, for it is the "rainy season."

January 25.—A bright morning. I found the stream still belly deep, and afterwards passed through a flooded bottom; the road; also, was very hilly, and a wagon wheel was broken; I left the company with it. The road passes through some high winding valleys in leading from the first stream into the Temecala valley; the scenery has been enchanting; the foliage that of the first of May in the middle States; the mountain sides were, after the rain, of *sparkling green*, while over to our right, towering above all, we saw the lofty San Jacinto and San Bernadino mountains, which had just received a covering of snow of shining unmixed white. At 12 o'clock I came to fine grass, and halted an hour and a half; then the company had repaired its damaged wagon and arrived.

This upper part of the Temecala valley is very pretty, with green meadows of great extent, and snowy, and green mountains to be seen in every direction. I encamped near sundown at the first ranche, which is deserted; here was the slaughter of the San Luis Indians. The party come to bury the bones arrived this evening a little before me—about a

hundred and fifty in number. As I approached the ground, I saw them marching in regular single file, and form a line across the road. We could see the glitter of arms, and the galloping of men about the array; a drum was also beating; few but believed we were about to have an action.

The grass is very scant and indifferent here; little or no fuel; I used an old coral for that purpose. Soon after encamping, I received a letter from the acting assistant adjutant general from San Diego, which, as usual, supposes me to be at Warner's, or beyond, and takes my march to San Diego for granted. It states that the General is returning there; and the bearer informs me that the Pueblo is occupied by Lieutenant Colonel Frémont and a large force; therefore, I consider it plain enough that I should turn off for San Diego; a road leads there from a point very near me. I have answered to that effect, and directed the messenger to return to-morrow.

Antonio requested me to remain until noon to-morrow, to protect the Indians whilst they buried the bones of the slain. I reluctantly told him that I could possibly not do so. They fear, he said, an attack from the "heathen Indians."

The march was about twelve miles.

Mr. Warner states he has *never* known so warm a winter rain; in fact, it was little colder than our summer rains—of equal violence and duration.

January 26.—I marched 7 and 45'. In about two miles the road turned up a steep winding ravine. After working on it, the companies that have wagons had to put about half their force upon them to get up; then the road is pretty good. It wound over very high hills, and nothing but such, of great height and steepness, and mountains, were to be seen in any direction—all covered with verdure. I found the San Luis, which is generally nearly dry, quite a river; the first mules fell in crossing; but after the men and pack-mules had waded over, the wagons had no difficulty—it was uneven quicksands.

After marching seven hours, I encamped on the San Luis, a mile or two above the San Juan ranche; it is a fine place, on a meadow of green new grass, with plenty of dry wood between me and the river.

It is entirely overcast, and just at this moment has commenced to rain a little. I will yet have hard work with the wagons if we have much of it. The mules have been half starved for a week, and this new grass I fear is not strengthening.

The march about sixteen miles.

I have been told that the men eat the head and the *offal* of the beef, and I have ordered five pounds given them to-night.

Many sorts of trees and bushes show their new leaves. The mustard is plenty and large enough for greens, but there is no vinegar of course.

January 27.—It rained a little in the night, and was cloudy and foggy this morning, but cleared off. I marched very early. The road led several miles down the beautiful green meadows of San Luis to the ranche house, which, as most others, is covered with tiles; it was deserted. Just below, the regular road crosses the river, and another turns to the left up the bluffs and leads by Buena Vista; this is the best; but Antonio told

me falsely that it was new and miry at this season, and that the middle road, which did not cross the river, and went much to the left of San Luis, was the best; but I found that it merely led around the bend of the river and to San Luis Rey. This is a fine large church of stuccoed brick, with an immense quadrangle of apartments, with a corridor and pillars, and arches on each side within, and one face without; there are all the arrangements and appurtenances of a monastery, not omitting the wine apartments and brewry. I saw furniture and some paintings, but no occupants. The church was closed; it has a steeple with bells; in the centre of the court is an oblique sundial, with orange and pepper trees, &c., in four large walled beds. The orange tree was bearing fruit of the size of a walnut. The Indians, too, had disappeared; some two hundred of them I left in Temecala. Here I was overtaken by an express from the General; he had come by the other road to the intersection, and followed me. I installed him as guide, and put Antonio at the head of the irregulars with the cattle.

We were sorry to learn that Lieutenant Emory had already sailed (by the isthmus) for the United States. My march is directed to the mission of San Diego, five miles from the town.

The road wound through smooth green valleys, and over very lofty hills, equally smooth and green. This afternoon, from the tops of these hills, we had magnificent views of the ocean, a mile or two off. The sun was sinking beyond, and so placid was the sea that it shone a vast space of seemingly transparent light, which, by contrast, gave to the clear sky a dusky shade. What a strange spectacle was that! The earth more ærially clear and bright than the cloudless heavens!

I encamped, after marching above eight hours and sixteen miles, at another deserted ranche named Agua Hedionda.

Last night the wild cattle of my little herd mostly escaped; and, after receiving the General's letter, I directed that it should be increased on the road. My zealous irregulars—the Indians—in consequence, drove in here some hundreds of all sorts.

I directed a selection of them made and driven, at dark, into a coval for the night. (I issued but two pounds of beef for a ration.)

We passed near San Luis a small herd of very fine jennies belonging to the mission; that is, to the government. The wild oats are six or eight inches high.

January 28.—I marched very early. The dew was so copious as to wet the tents as a rain. On the driest objects there was some frost.

The road was very hilly and heavy in places. I reached San Diegetto at 2 o'clock, all the wagons not getting there before 3. Seven and a half hours of travel. I was forced by the state of the mules—not to say of the men—to encamp, as the next ground with water was reported from seven to nine miles. Grass is short here, and pools of water at an inconvenient distance. Some Californians were in camp an hour or more. Mr. Foster, &c., just from San Diego. They give a very distressing account of the state of affairs—a decided variance between the high government functionaries, &c. We hear, as last night, the loud roar of the ocean. All of the staff officers have asked and obtained permission to ride to San Diego to-morrow morning. It was *reported* to me that

the General intended sailing for San Francisco the day after to-morrow.

January 29.—Marched at 7 and 30'. Soon got into the valley called Salidad. Here was water and a luxuriant thick growth of grass. I then followed the guide on a by-road which led to the mission of San Diego, six miles west of the seaport of the same name. It led up a hill about 300 feet high, after ascending which, finding excellent green bunch grass, I rested and grazed the mules half an hour. Then, on this lofty table land, the crooked *new* road was for a mile or two over ground covered with pools of rain water and saturated. A mule could scarcely be ridden, and in the absence of the guide, I had thoughts of returning to extricate the baggage; but the wagons being very lightly loaded were got through at one of the bad hills; also, a wagon was upset—the first instance on the march from Santa Fé. I soon after fell into the old road from San Barnado to the mission, which was firm; and a few miles more brought us to the *mission of San Diego*. A march of about sixteen miles.

The building being dilapidated and full of Indians and dirt, I have encamped the squadron on the flat below. There are around us extensive gardens and vineyards, wells and cisterns, more or less fallen into decay and disorder; but olive and the picturesque date trees flourishing and ornamental. There is no fuel for miles around, and the flourance for water is some rather distant pools in a sandy stream which runs (sometimes) down to the ocean. The grass is very short. This evening I rode down by moonlight and *reported to the General in San Diego*.

ORDERS, }
No. 1. }

HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION,
MISSION OF SAN DIEGO,

January 30, 1847.

The Lieutenant-colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific ocean, and the conclusion of the march of over two thousand miles.

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Nine-tenths of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, from want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveller will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless prairies where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick and axe in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy ought save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our-wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them ever over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrisons of four presidios of Soñora concentrated within the walls of Tueson, gave us no pause. We drove them out with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus, marching half-naked and half-fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country.

Arrived at the first settlement of California after a single day's rest, you cheerfully turned off from the route to this point of promised repose, to enter upon a campaign, and meet, as we believed, the approach of the enemy, and this, too, without even salt to season your sole subsistence of fresh meat.

Lieutenants A. I. Smith and Geo. Stoneman, of the 1st dragoons, have shared and given valuable aid in all these labors.

Thus, volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of veterans. But much remains undone. Soon you will turn your strict attention to the drill, to system and order, to forms, also, which are all necessary to the soldiers.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel P. St. Geo. Cooke:

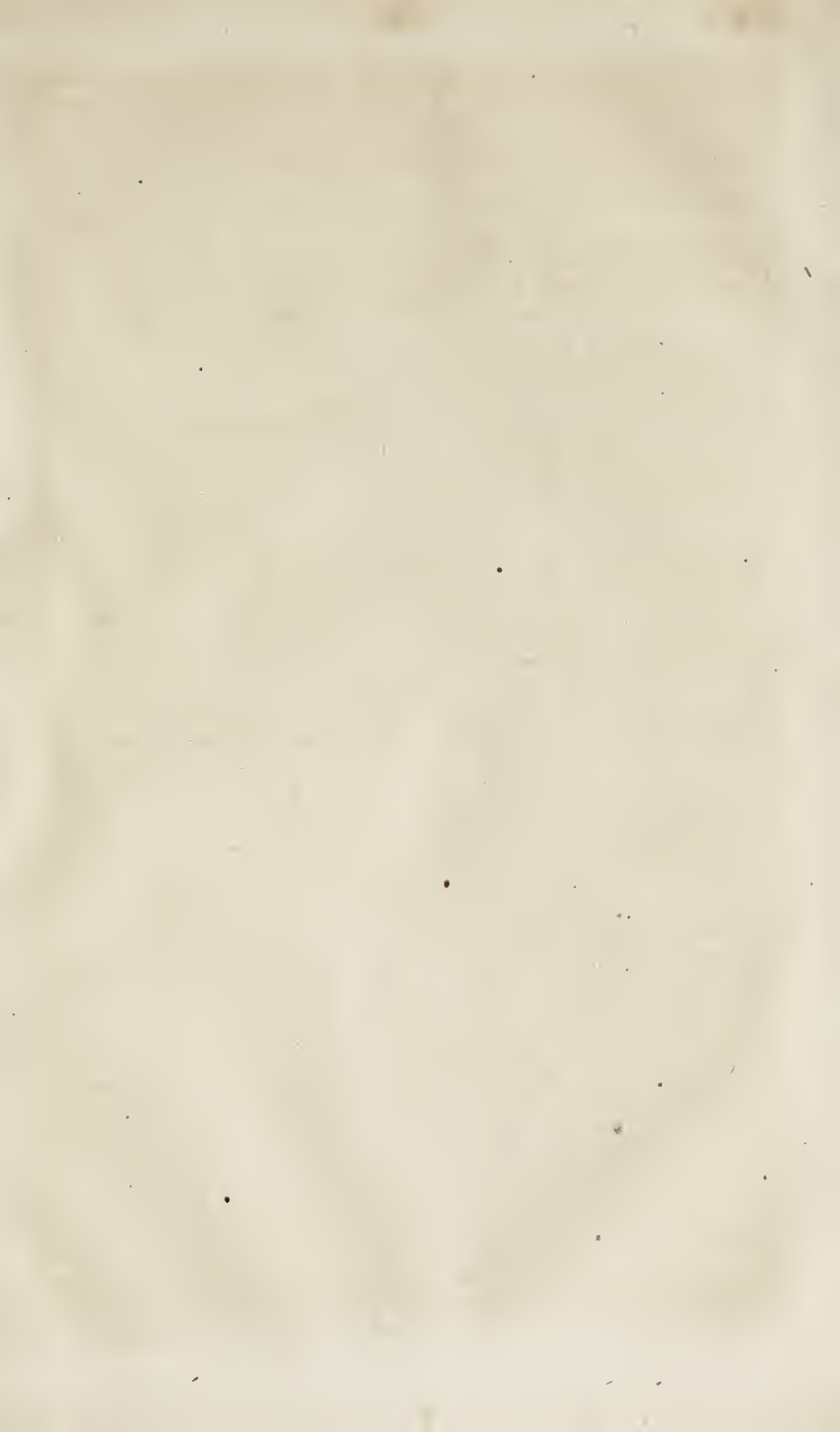
P. C. MERRILL, *Adjutant.*

A true copy from my daily record.

P. ST. GEO. COOKE,

Lieutenant Colonel commanding.

SAN LUIS REGIMENT, *February 22, 1847.*



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names or titles, arranged in a structured format. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.]

